



J. Roberts sculp. 1777.

Del. J. B. 1777.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London August 1777.



J. Roberts sculp. 1777.

Del. J. B. 1777.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London August 1777.

BELL'S EDITION.
THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



FROM VOLUME I.
*See friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made.*

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London August 1st 1777.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here's no rude ore; no fits of heat and cold;
Here all is nature, yet all's beaten gold;
No forc'd mysterious soarings in the clouds;
No mud, no foam, no noise, in your deep floods.
With such true spirit your great numbers run,
As lightning bold, but equal as the sun:
Gentle, tho' strong; and high, yet still in sight;
Rapid, yet pure; and easy as the light. VERSES TO PRIOR.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE GLOUCESTER, BY THE MASTERS.

1777.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ODES,

SONGS,

BALLADS,

TALES,

PROLOGUES,

EPILOGUES,

&c. &c. &c.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR

VOL. I

CONTAINING HIS



EDINBURGH:

AT THE PRESS OF THE MESSRS. WILKINSON.

1777.

THE LIFE OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq. was the son of Mr George Prior, joiner and citizen of London, where he was born, July 21, 1664. His father, tho' very industrious in his business, was far from being fortunate in his circumstances; and dying when his son was young, he left him to the care of an uncle, who discharged the trust reposed in him with a tenderness truly paternal, as Mr. Prior constantly acknowledged, with all the gratitude of a generous mind.

He received part of his education at Westminster School, where, as Bishop Spratt relates to Mr. Cowley, he early obtained and increased the noble genius peculiar to that place. It was there that he began to disclose the amiable talents he possessed; and so bright was the dawn in which they first appeared, that it was natural to foresee their meridian would render him an honour to his country, and endear him to the greatest of his contemporaries.

When he was very young he distinguished himself by several happy flights in poetry, which contributed not a little to his reputation, particularly the fine Ode in his printed poems, which he was obliged to write in 1688, as an exercise for neglecting to be present, one morning, at the chapel-service; and he acquitted himself so well on this occasion, that the world would

hardly have been angry with him had he been guilty of more transgressions of the same nature, and atoned for them by so polite and amiable a penance.

As he had an uncommon propensity to learning, and began to be intimate with the Ancients at an age when few are acquainted with much more than their names, it was with great reluctance that he found himself obliged to leave a school to whose institutions he was hastening to give so much reputation; but at the same time he thought it his duty to conform himself to the inclinations of an uncle who had treated him with so much humanity, and who, as he was a vintner, imagined Mr. Prior might be useful to him in his house and trade. His nephew accordingly consented to live with him, and, by his diligence in a calling very foreign to so extraordinary a genius, endeavoured to make the best returns he was then able to his kind relation and benefactor.

Mr. Prior, though he found sufficient employment in this situation, did not neglect to improve every vacant hour he could enjoy in entertaining himself with his favourite classics, especially the poets. Of these Horace was his greatest darling, and, without doubt, he was sensible of some similitude of genius between that admirable writer and himself, which prompted him to form his taste for the Muses by such a complete model; and so indefatigably did he pursue his studies in all intermissions of his uncle's business, that

the polite part of the company who resorted to the house were in a little time sensible that he deserved to shine in a better sphere than that in which he appeared.

It happened fortunately for Mr. Prior, that the late Earl of Dorset, that prodigy of polite wit and generosity, frequently passed some agreeable hours with his friends at this tavern; and being one day there with several gentlemen of rank, the discourse turned upon one of the odes of Horace, and the company being divided in their sentiments of a passage in that elegant poet, one of the gentlemen was pleased to say, "I find we are not like to agree in our criticisms; but, if I am not mistaken, there is a young fellow in the house who is able to set us all right;" upon which he named Mr. Prior, who was immediately sent for, and desired to give his opinion of Horace's meaning in the ode under debate. Mr. Prior very genteely entreated them to let his incapacity be his excuse for not presuming to offer any imperfect thoughts on what they did him the honour to propose to him; but that not availing, he, at last, with an engaging modesty, gave such an explanation of the passage in dispute as was very agreeable to his polite audience; and the Earl of Dorset, from that moment, determined Mr. Prior should pass from the station he was then in, to one more suitable to his promising abilities.

To accomplish such a generous intention, this noble lord sent him as a Gentleman-commoner to St. John's college in Cambridge, where he made such a progress in his studies, that he soon rose to a Fellowship, which he enjoyed till his death, and gave his illustrious benefactor the pleasure of seeing his generosity succeed to his desire.

Mr. Prior had enriched himself, at the university, with such a variety of learning, and improved his natural accomplishments with so much success, that, at his return to Town, his intimacy was courted by persons of the greatest rank. It was a happiness then to have merit: great talents were the best introduction to esteem and popularity; and therefore it was impossible for Mr. Prior to be disregarded at a time when the greatest wits were the noblest patrons.

In the reign of Charles II. he was intimately honoured with the friendship of Charles Montague, Esq. late Earl of Hallifax, who was a perfect master of polite literature himself, and delighted to make that accomplishment fortunate to others who possessed it.

The first opportunity given Mr. Prior of displaying his excellent talents was on the following occasion, viz.

Soon after the accession of King James II. to the throne, he flung off the veil; and not only professed himself a Papist, but took persons of the same profession into the ministry and army, dispensing with the penal laws, contrary to the foundation of the go-

vernment, and trying many experiments invasive of the rights of the church of England, and the privileges and communities of such as were the true sons of it.

And, in order to turn the doctrines of our established church into ridicule, Mr. Dryden, who had turned Papist, to ingratiate himself at Court, was, from thence, directed to write, and did accordingly publish, in 1686, a most virulent satire, entitled *The Hind and the Panther*, a poem. The Hind was made a strong advocate for the church of Rome, and the Panther a weak defender of the church of England. Mr. Dryden thought his casuistry unanswerable, by fixing the dernier resort of church authority, and the rule of faith, in the Papal see: but the Honourable Charles Montague, Esq. and Mr. Prior, then Fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge, soon turned the poetical casuist on his back, and fairly shewed the difference between smooth numbers and sound arguments. In short, to heighten the ridicule, these gentlemen turned Mr. Dryden's two mighty beasts of prey into two diminutive voracious vermin, and transversed the Hind and Panther to *The story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse*, under which title they published their critique, 1687.

The beautiful parody of turning Mr. Dryden's railery upon himself, the just reasoning, and inimitable turns of wit which it contains, render it standard; fully verifying the Earl of Roscommon's true assertion, that

The weighty ballion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French-wire, will three whole pages shine,
Eff. on Trans. verse.

Mr. Prior's second production was, as before mentioned, an Ode, written the year following, as an exercise at St. John's college, Cambridge, on these words, I AM THAT I AM, *Exod. iii. 14.*

Upon the Revolution, Mr. Prior was brought to Court by his great patron the Earl of Dorset. As that noble lord had entertained a very favourable opinion of this gentleman in his infancy, so he continued to distinguish him by his friendship and recommendation; his patronage introduced him into the scene of public employment, and, by the generous influence of this great peer, Mr. Prior was made Secretary to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary, at the congress at the Hague, in 1690, the Earl of Berkeley being Plenipotentiary at that negotiation.

Mr. Prior had the good fortune to acquit himself so well in this situation, that he was afterwards appointed Secretary of the embassy to the Earls of Pembroke, Jersey, and Sir Joseph Williamson, who were appointed Ambassadors at the treaty of peace at Ryswick, 1693; during the transactions of which, several Memorials relating to the treaty were drawn up by him; he was likewise Secretary to the succeeding embassies of the Earls of Portland and Jersey in France.

After this he was advanced to the post of Secretary of State in Ireland. He was next constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in the year 1700; and, by her Majesty Queen Anne, made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in 1711, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary-minister in France the same year.

As he was thus initiated into public business very young, and continued to transact the same for seven-and-twenty years, it must appear not a little surprising that he should find sufficient opportunities to cultivate his poetical talents to the height he raised them; and indeed, to use his own words, in the Preface to his Poems, "Poetry was only the product of his leisure hours, who had commonly business enough upon his hands;" and, as he modestly adds, "was only a Poet by accident." But we must take the liberty of differing from him in the last particular, in order to agree with all mankind, that Mr. Prior received from the Muses, at his nativity, all the graces they could well bestow on their greatest favourite.

We must not omit one particular in Mr. Prior's conduct, which will appear very remarkable. He was chosen a member of that parliament which impeached the Partition Treaty, to which he himself had been Secretary; and though he had such a considerable share in that transaction, the conviction he was under

of the exceptionable measures that attended it, made him join in the impeachment. A rare instance of a generous mind, who scorned to persist in a vindication of any proceedings that his riper judgment convinced him were unjustifiable.

The Lord Bolingbroke, who, whatever exceptions may have been made to his sentiments in some other instances, must be allowed an excellent judge of fine talents, entertained a particular esteem for Mr. Prior, on the account of his great abilities; and makes him an extraordinary compliment, in a letter which he wrote to him during the time of his being Q. Anne's Minister and Plenipotentiary at the Court of France. This letter is dated September 10. 1712. O. S.; and, among other particulars, has this remarkable passage:—"For God's sake, dear Matt, hide the nakedness of thy country, and give the best turn thy fertile brain will furnish thee with to the blunders of thy countrymen, who are not much better politicians than the French are poets." And thus the peer concludes his epistle:—"It is now three o'clock in the morning. I have been hard at work all day, and am not yet enough recovered to bear much fatigue; excuse, therefore, the confusedness of this scroll, which is only from Harry to Matt, and not from the Secretary to the Minister.—Adieu, my pen is ready to drop out of my hand, it being near

“three o'clock in the morning. Believe that no man
 “loves you better, or is more faithfully your's.”

“*adviser was King and which the King received* BOLINGBROKE.”

“*from the Catholic King upon this article is: That*”

“And, in another letter from Lord Bolingbroke, we
 find the following advices were conveyed to Mr. Prior,
 Sept. 23. 1713. O. S.—“There is a person here of
 “whom we have never taken the least notice as a
 “public man, but who, however, is an agent from
 “the Catalans. By what we observe in him, it is
 “pretty plain that a reasonable accommodation might
 “be made with that turbulent people. What is the
 “sense of the French Court on this matter? How far
 “will they concur with the Queen in advising Philip
 “to make an end of the war?”

“Upon Mr. Prior's representation of this affair to
 the Court of France, he received the following letter
 from Monsieur de Torcy, dated Nov. 13. 1713. N. S.
 —“You received, Sir, some time since, orders from
 “the Queen of Great Britain to use her good offices
 “with the King in favour of the Catalans, who have
 “rebelled against the King of Spain, and of the inha-
 “bitants of Barcelona. You acquainted me that her
 “Britannic Majesty was sure they would submit to
 “the King their master, if that prince would grant
 “them a general amnesty, the restitution and enjoy-
 “ment of all their estates, and, in short, the same
 “conditions which he had caused to be offered them,”

“and which they did not accept, without mentioning
 “their ancient privileges any more.”

“The answer which the King just now receives
 “from the Catholic King upon this article is, That
 “he is still willing to grant the same conditions to the
 “rebellious Catalans, notwithstanding they rendered
 “themselves unworthy of his favours, by slighting
 “them; and although he is now in a condition to
 “reduce them by force, he desires the King to impart
 “his answer to the Queen of Great Britain, my Lord
 “Lexington having had no orders to speak about
 “this affair.”

TORCY.”

Soon after the accession of King George I. to the throne, Oct. 23. 1714, Mr. Prior presented a Memorial at the Court of France, requiring that the canal and the new works at Mardyke should be demolished.

In the year 1715, Mr. Prior was recalled from France, and, upon his arrival, was taken up by a warrant from the House of Commons; shortly after which he underwent a very strict examination by a committee of the Privy-council.

His most loving, political friend, the Viscount Bolingbroke, foreseeing a storm, ran away to France, and secured Harry, but left poor Matt in the lurch.

On the 10th of June, Robert Walpole, Esq. moved the House for an impeachment against him, and on the 17th Mr. Prior was ordered into close custody,

and that no person should be admitted to see him without leave from the Speaker:

The following compliment was paid Mr. Prior, when under confinement, viz.

TO MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.

Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra,
Parcentes ego dexteræ
Odi; sparge rosas, andiat invidus
Dementem stripitum Lycus.

I.

COULD I, great Bard! O, could I share
Thy genius, as thy grief,
My healing verse should sooth thy care,
And timely give relief.

II.

But vain are my essays to sing,
And impotent my strains,
The cordials from yourself must spring
That can allay your pains.

III.

On your firm heart and honest breast
Bend your reflecting eyes;
For Socrates, by faction prest,
To conscious virtue flies.

IV.

Nor could philosophy divine
Such solid joys impart,
As each soft strain, each magic line,
Of your diviner art.

V.

Then string again your slacken'd lyre
To peaceful Anna's praise;
What would not innocence inspire,
And Anna's glory raise?

Though faction all its rage oppose,
 The pleasing theme pursue;
 They only who were Anna's foes
 Are enemies to you.

An act of grace passed in 1717, and Mr. Prior was one of the persons, among others, who was excepted out of it: but at the close of this year he was discharged from his confinement, and retired to spend the residue of his days at Down-Hall in Essex.

In July 1721, within two months of his death, Mr. Prior printed that beautiful little tale on the falsehood of mankind, entitled *The Conversation*, and applied it to the truth, honour, and justice, of his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

Mr. Prior, after the fatigues of length of years, passed in various scenes of action, was desirous of spending the remainder of his days in a rural tranquillity, which the greatest men in all ages have been fond of enjoying; he was so happy as to succeed in his wish, living a very retired and contemplative life at Down-Hall in Essex, and found a more solid and innocent satisfaction among woods and meadows, than he had enjoyed in the hurry and tumults of the world, the courts of princes, or the conducting foreign negotiations: and where, as he most melodiously sings,

The remnant of his days he safely past;
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
 He made his wish with his estate comply,
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

This truly great man died on the 18th day of September 1721, not at his own little villa, but at Wimple in Cambridgeshire, the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford, with whose generous friendship he had been honoured some years.

The death of so extraordinary a person was justly esteemed an irreparable loss to the polite world, and his memory will be ever dear to those who have any relish for the Muses in their softest charms.

Some of the latter part of his life was employed in collecting materials for an *History of the transactions of his own times*; but his death unfortunately deprived the world of a performance which the touches of so masterly a hand would have made exceeding valuable*.

About five weeks before his decease he drew up his last Will and Testament himself, in a strain very different from the formal jargon of law-terms; and as an air of politeness and humanity, peculiar to Mr. Prior, runs through the whole, we were of opinion it would be no disagreeable entertainment to the reader. A true copy thereof follows, viz.

IT has pleased Almighty God, for some years past, to bless me, his most unworthy creature, with a greater share of health than I could have expected from the

* But as this work was left, the public are now presented with it. It is printed in 2 volumes octavo, price 12s.

tenderness of my native constitution; or the fatigues and troubles of life which I have undergone: for this and all other his mercies, hallowed be his name, for ever and ever. Let men and angels repeat the sound, Hallowed be his name! Now, before sickness of body, or infirmity of age, prevent or diminish the force of my understanding or memory, I make and declare this my last Will and Testament.

I ~~Matthew~~ Prior, of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, thanking the Right Honourable the Lord Harley for his eminent and continual friendship to me, and trusting that he will have the same concern for my memory after death, as he had for my honour whilst alive, and that he will take the same care of my surviving friends, hereafter mentioned in this my Will, as he did of my own proper interest; and having for many years experienced the faith, honesty, and ability, of Mr. Adrian Drift, my Secretary, whilst I was in public employments, and my friend and companion in private life; I entreat the said Lord Harley, and ordain the said Adrian Drift, to be the executors of this my Will. And I thus give and bequeath unto Edward Lord Harley, and Adrian Drift, all my goods and chattels, plate, jewels, medals, and debts, and all other my personal estate; to them, I say, their heirs, executors and assigns, in trust only, and for the uses hereafter specified, and the benefit of the persons hereafter mentioned.

It is my Will that I be buried privately in Westminster-abbey, and that, after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon may be expressed the public employments I have borne: the inscription I desire may be made by Dr. Robert Freind, and the busto expressed in marble by Coriveaux, placed on the monument. For this last piece of human vanity, I Will that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside.

To the college of St. John the Evangelist, in Cambridge, I leave such and so many of my books as shall be judged to amount to the value of two hundred pounds: these books, with my own Poems in the greatest paper, to be kept in the library, together with the books which I have already given. I likewise leave my own picture, painted by Le Belle, and that of my friend and patron Edward Earl of Jersey, by Rigault.

I leave to my Lord Harley the busto of Flora, made by Girardon, and six pictures out of my collection, such as he shall chuse; the rest of my pictures, medals, drawings, stamps, and maps, to be appraised by two persons who may be thought to understand their value, and my Lord Harley to have the preference, in case he pleases to purchase any part or parcel thereof; and after his pleasure therein specified, I Will that the residue be sold.

The picture of Queen Elizabeth, by Portus, I leave to the Honourable and Excellent Lady Harriette Har-

ley, and my own picture, in enamel, to her dear daughter Margarette.

All my manuscripts, negotiations, commissions, and all papers whatsoever, whether of my public employments or private studies, I leave to my Lord Harley and Mr. Adrian Drift, my executors, or either of them, having first burned such as may not be proper for any future inspection.

Whereas the estate of Down-Hall in Essex, of which I am and stand at present possessed, is, at my death, to revert to my Lord Harley, and to his heirs, according to the purport and intent of certain writings drawn up by Mr. Oliver Martin of the Middle-Temple, I declare that the said estate does, and ought accordingly to revert to my Lord Harley, and to his heirs, lest, from any want of words in those writings, or from any failure, or expressions omitted in the form of the writings, the least doubt or inquietude may arise to my Lord Harley. I mention this, tho', at the same time, I believe it to be superfluous.

I Will and Desire that the sum of one thousand pounds be set apart in favour, and to the use of, Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, and that an annuity, or rent-charge, be purchased with the said sum, to be paid by half-yearly payments to the said Elizabeth Cox, during her natural life; but I would have the said thousand pounds, i. e. the annuity, to be purchased with that sum, to be paid solely to her order, in half-yearly

payments as aforesaid, and not to be in the disposal, or at the power, of any husband which she may marry. And as my Lord Harley will be juster towards all with whom he deals, and kinder to my friends than any man whom I leave behind me in the world, I beg that he will be pleased to grant to the said Elizabeth Cox such annuity, leaving the sum to be determined by his appointment and pleasure.

I leave to Mr. Adrian Drift the sum of one thousand pounds, to be employed and disposed of at his discretion, hoping that his industry and management will be such, that he will not embezzle or decrease the same.

I leave to Mrs. Anne Durham the sum of three hundred pounds, to be paid within one year of my decease, and, by her, to be employed for the enlargement of her stock, and the support of that trade and calling whertin I have already placed her, and in which I wish her prosperity.

I remit to my dear friend, and old companion, Richard Shelton, Esq. all bonds, notes, or obligations, by which he stands any way indebted to me: and I leave to his son, George Shelton, the sum of three hundred pounds, in such manner as that he may receive fifty pounds *per ann.* for six years, in order to maintain him, during that time, at the university, or to help him in any trade or employment, as his father may judge proper.

I leave to my well-beloved and dear cousin Catherine Harrison, the sum of one hundred pounds, with which she will be pleased to buy mourning.

I leave to my servants, each, one year's wages and mourning; and to John Oeman, or Newman, the sum of fifty pounds, over and above such wages.

I likewise leave the sum of fifty pounds, over and above such wages, to Jane Ansley.

And in case this shall (as I reckon it will) amount to more than will pay and satisfy my debts, and legacies already given, I leave the rest and residue to Mr. Adrian Drift, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, above mentioned, to be equally divided between them.

Thus, wishing health, honour, and happiness, to dear Lord Harley and his family, and to all my friends in general; *Peace on earth, and good will towards men*; I recommend my soul and body to the eternal and everlasting God, who gave me my being:

Deus es, instaura plasmam tuum.

This Will, written with my own hand, I sign and seal the 9th of August, *An. Dom. 1721.*

M. PRIOR.

Signed, sealed, and declared to be the last Will and Testament of Matthew Prior, in the presence of Us, who saw him seal and subscribe the same.

Witness, { James Gibbs,
William Thomas,
J. Worlock.

Mr. Prior's funeral was, according to his desire in his Will, exactly performed. A very neat monument, with the busto he mentions, is erected to his memory, and the following inscription thereon, composed by the reverend and learned Dr. Freind, master of Westminster-school, viz.

Sui temporis historiam meditantī
 Paulatim obrepens febris
 Operis simul, & vitæ, filum abruptit,
 (Died) Sept. 18. An. Dom. 1721.
 Ætat. 57.
 H. S. E.
 Vir eximius
 Serenissimis
 Regi Gulielmo Reginæq; Mariæ
 In congressione fœderatorum
 Hagæ anno 1690 celebrata.
 Deinde Magnæ Britanniæ legatis,
 Tum iis,
 Qui anno 1697 pacem Reswicki confecerunt.
 Tum iis,
 Qui apud Gallus annis proximis legationem obierunt;
 Eodem etiam anno 1697 in Hibernia
 Secretarius,
 Nec non in utroq; honorabili confesso
 Eorum
 Qui anno 1700 ordinandis commercii negotiis.

Quiq; anno 1711 dirigendis Portorii rebus M
Præsidebant; 1712 Commissarius; 1713
Postremū in 1714 Ab Annarum

Felicissimæ memoriæ reginæ

Ad Ludovicum XIV. Galliz regem

Missus anno 1711; et in

De pace stabiliendâ;

(Pace etiamnum durante;

Diuq; ut boni jam omnes sperant duratura)

Cum summa potestate legatus.

MATTHEUS PRIOR, armiger,

Qui IV

Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus est, titulos
Humanitatis, ingenii, eruditionis, laude

Superavit.

Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ,

Hunc puerum schola hic regia perpolivit,

Juvenem in collegio Sti. Joannis

Cantabrigiæ optimis scientiis instruxit:

Virum deniq; auxit; & perfecit

Multa cum viris principibus consuetudo;

Ita natus, ita institutus,

A vatū choro avelli nunquam potuit,

Sed solebat sæpe rerum civilium gravitatem

Amœniorum literarum studiis condire:

Et cum omne adeo pœtices genus

Haud infeliciter tentaret,

Tum in fabellis concinne lepideq; texendis

Mirus artifex

Neminem habuit parem.

Hæc liberalia animi oblectamenta;

Quam nullo illi labore constiterint,

Facile in perspicere, quibus usus est amicus;

Apud quos urbanitatum & leporum plenus

Cum ad rem, quicunque, fortè inciderit,

Appè, variè copiosèq; allúderet,

Interea nihil quæsitum; nihil vi expressum

Videbatur,

Sed omnia ultro effluere,

Et quasi jugi è fonte afflatim exuberare,

Ita superandem dubios reliquit,

Effetne in scriptis, poeta elegantior,

An in convictu, comes jucundior.

The foregoing INSCRIPTION attempted in ENGLISH.

While he was writing

The history of his own time,

A lingering fever

Snapt the thread of his work and his life together,

On the 7th day of Sept. 1721,

In the 57th year of his age.

Here lies interred

That excellent man.

He was Secretary to their most serene Majesties
 King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
 At the congress of the allies, held at the Hague, 1690.

He was thence
 Appointed Secretary
 To those ambassadors of Great Britain
 Who concluded the peace of Ryfwick, 1697.
 He was likewise Secretary
 To the two succeeding embassies in France;
 And also in the year 1697,

Secretary of State in the kingdom of Ireland.

In the year 1700,
 He was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners
 Of Trade and Plantations:

And in the year 1711,
 Made one of the Commissioners of the Customs:

And, lastly,
 Sent by her Majesty Queen ANNE,
 (Of blessed memory)

In the year 1711,
 Plenipotentiary minister to Lewis XIV. king of France,
 With the fullest powers to establish the peace.

(A peace to this day lasting,
 And which,
 That it may long last,
 Is the wish of all good men)

MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.
 Surpassed all the characters

With which he was invest'd
 By the force of his genius;
 And the politeness of his erudition;
 At whose birth the gentle Muses
 Smiled propitious!

The literature of this royal foundation
 Trained up and embellish'd him while a boy;
 St. John's college in Cambridge
 Endowed and furnish'd his ripening years
 With its brightest sciences;

And, at last,
 A long and intimate conversation
 With the most illustrious persons
 Improved and finish'd the man.

Thus born, thus educated,
 He could never be withdrawn
 From the choir of the Muses;
 But was often accustomed
 To alleviate and sweeten
 The fatigue of his public employments
 By a retreat of studies
 More inviting and delightful:
 And after performing almost
 Every species of poetry with success,
 In the agreeable and happy manner
 Of contriving and delivering his Tales,
 This wonderful artist found no equal.

The unlaboured delicacy
With which he toyed in these amusements,
Was easily observed by all
Whom he received into his friendship:
In whose company,
If any subject of humour casually occurred,
He would treat it,
Being full of wit and pleasantry,
With the most copious, suitable, sprightly,
And beautiful turns;
Nothing appearing to be either studied or forced,
But all freely rising from his invention,
And flowing, as from an inexhaustible fountain:
So that, among his acquaintance,
It is a matter of doubt
Whether in his writings
He was the more elegant poet,
Or in his conversation
The more facetious companion.

To the Right Honourable

L I O N E L,

Earl of

DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

It looks like no great compliment to your Lordship that I prefix your name to this Epistle, when, in the Preface, I declare the Book is published almost against my inclination. But, in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father, and most of the rest under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord, the natural endowment of your mind, which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you are very great; the good education with which these parts have been improved, and your coming into the world, and seeing men very early, make us expect from your Lordship all the good which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris*,—our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning, a friend and patron to men of letters and merit, a faithful and able counsellor to your Prince, a true patriot to your country, an ornament and honour to the titles you possess, and, in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset.

It is as impossible to mention that name without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure myself the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful; and were his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael, and, at once, create love and respect. While the greatness of his mien informed men they were approaching the nobleman, the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described, that gained upon you in his favour before he spake one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all, but distinguished, and adapted to each man in particular according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from

education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit, in most writers, is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably: but the Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and, with inexhaustible supplies, delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever subject was before him, he discoursed as properly of it as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting the best authors, tho' he quoted them very seldom.

Contemnebat potius literas, quam nesciebat;

and rather seemed to draw his knowledge from his own stores than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candour and generosity of his temper, distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters, in their several ways, appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse; and Dr. Spratt in the

delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. Butler owed it to him that the Court tasted his Hudibras: Wycherley that the Town liked his Plain Dealer: and the Duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his Rehearsal till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not rehearse upon him again. If we wanted a foreign testimony, La Fontaine and St. Evremont have acknowledged, that he was a perfect master in the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call *Les belles Lettres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature; but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lely that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finished, till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others' writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new, and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my Lord Dorset's; and yet it

was so easy, too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the sun in Claude Loraine's landscapes; it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength: they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire, indeed, is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the Earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was,

The best good man, with the worst natural Muse.

Yet, even here, that character may justly be applied to him which Perseus gives of the best writer in this kind that ever lived:

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Placens amico.

Tangit, et admissus circum praeecordia iudit.

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satirist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments, and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great Author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, tho' every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which, however, are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen that those men who are least

qualified for business love it most, my Lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he turned his parts rather to books and conversation than to politics, and what more immediately related to the public: but whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most active parts of life, and underwent the greatest dangers, with a constancy of mind; which shewed, that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York; his behaviour, during that campaign, was such as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers before he passed the Granicus, or William I. of Orange, giving order over-night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the Bed-chamber to the King, and possessed not only his master's favour, but, in a great degree, his familiarity, never leaving the Court but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment; as if the King designed to show the French, (who would be thought the politest nation) that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my Lord's wit nor approved his maxims; so he retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the Prince of Orange's interest, and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in London, and under the eye of the Court, with the same resolution as his friend and fellow patriot the late Duke of Devonshire did in open arms at Nottingham, till the dangers of those times increased to extremity, and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the Princess, our present glorious Queen; then the Earl of Dorset was thought the

properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose charge and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late Majesties upon the throne, there was room again at Court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship, and all the marks of distinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made Chamberlain of their Majesties' household, a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, and the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive) were, that he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted one of the regents of the kingdom during his Majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only sometimes at Council to shew his respect to the commission; giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains with which it pleased God to afflict him; and indulging the reflections of a mind that had looked through the world with

too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the course of his life he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin when the winds were allayed and the waters smooth, but vigilant, and ready to resume the helm when the storm arose and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character; if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses, but they were accompanied with a most lively invention and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gayly spent, and that, too, in the beginning of life, were always set right, the next day, with great humanity and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them, and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour; and it was in fact true what the late Earl of Rochester said, in jest, to King Charles, That he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

Volume I.

He was naturally very subject to passion; but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That every passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote: but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections, but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure, too, to hit none but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs, or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence, or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility; or, lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a talebearer.

If, therefore, we set the piece in its worst position, if its faults be most exposed, the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue: but if we turn the great draw-

ings and wonderful colourings to their true light; the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues, in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life depend; and he exercised them with the greatest decency and best manners. As good nature is said, by a great author⁷, to belong more particularly to the English than any other nation, it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset than to any other Englishman.

A kind husband he was, without fondness, and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought, indeed, to have been numbered among his defects; for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe: and, during those little transports of passion to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after; for he that had the good fortune to be chid was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last that gave us an example of the old housekeeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it which made every one of his guests think himself at home; and an abundance, which shewed that the master's hospitality ex-

* Spratt's Hist. of the Royal Society.

tended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at table with him.

In his dealings with others; his care and exactness, that every man should have his due; was such, that you would think he had never seen a court: the politeness and civility with which this justice was administered would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them; and then, too, his good nature did not consent to it without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as Lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the King's pension from Mr. Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the Court, my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and while he gave him his assistance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation, indeed, of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenor of his life, and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul, as she is said to do in heaven above her sister virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships or hospitals. The lazy and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician, and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released, by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved by his intercession with the Sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence without offending their modesty; and, under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true, though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Augustus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning;

Aristides, the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend; and bring them in as examples of my Lord Dorset's wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility: but for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the *delicia humani generis*, on this account, than my Lord Dorset was: and, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good, in proportion, out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever; to be imitated, and, if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour; nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death.

*Ille dies—quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum sic diuoluisse habeo.*

Aeneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recall the memory of your's: and when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I promise myself from your goodness is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life: to which that I may with some justice entitle myself, I send your Lordship a Dedication not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my truest wishes that you may deserve

them: that you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities, with which Heaven has blessed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country: that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a Collection of poetry, a kind of Garland of good will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these Poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection: happy if, in all my endeavours, I may contribute to your delight, or to your instruction. I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

MATTHEW PRIOR.

PREFACE.

THE greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly, or in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me, and has transcribed others, so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies, which I ought long since to have quitted, and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for reprinting some pieces which, as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding others to them which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions, and take them as they happen to come. Public Panegyrics, amorous Odes, serious Reflections, or idle Tales, the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myself much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing, that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the sweetness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

I must help my Preface by a Postscript, to tell the reader that there is ten years distance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I should publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the public stand in the order they did before, according to the several years in which they were written; and however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others, may have changed; Prose and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered; when the author has already said that he expects his works should

live for ever: and it had been very foolish in my friend Horace if, some years after his *exegi monumentum*, he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The Dedication, likewise, is reprinted to the Earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband; his children a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence, and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has, long since, deserved and attained the honour of the Garter: He has managed some of the charges of the kingdom with known ability, and laid them down with entire disinterestment: and as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that

our age, or possibly our nation, has bred, and leave materials for a panegyric not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very Pindaric transition; I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no further. I published my Poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk: he would not be thought a tradesman; but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetica, goods at once, I must therefore desire that the public would please to take them in the gross, and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. Prior's Poems were published, in a handsome folio, in the year 1718, during his own life. After his death, which event happened in Sept. 1721, his Manuscripts, as well of a public as private nature, were left, by our Author's will, to Lord Harley and Mr. Adrian Drift, his executors, with orders to destroy such as might not be proper for future inspection. In 1733-4, Mr. Samuel Humphreys of Hampstead published the Posthumous Poems of our Author, (probably at the request of his executors) at the same time obliging the world with the life of that excellent man and poet, which is prefixed to this edition. From 1734 to these times, various editions of Prior's Poems have poured from the press, but without any order or method observed in arranging the different pieces, epistles, tales, ballads, odes, epigrams, &c. being indiscriminately jumbled together, circumstances at the same time inconvenient and offensive to the reader of taste and judgment. To obviate a defect so apparent, we have ventured, in this edition of Prior's Works, to depart from the order observed by his former editors, the different pieces being here classed and arranged according to their several kinds; so that the whole of the same species of writing falls under the reader's eye in one and the same department of the book only, in place of many departments, as formerly; an alteration of some convenience to the reader, and such as can reflect no disgrace on the figure of our Author's Poems, which here present themselves under a more uniform arrangement than usual.

APOLLO PRESS, Edinburg,

21 March, 1777.

ODES.

AN ODE

ON EXODUS iii. 14. I AM THAT I AM.

MAN! foolish man!
Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art,
Yet, steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting Reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulf of vast immensity:
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.
Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learned lust:
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

II.

Let Wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend;
The helm let politic Experience guide;
Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
What tho' still it farther tend,
Still 'tis farther from its end,
And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

* Written 1688, as an exercise at St. John's college, Cambridge.

III.

With daring pride and insolent delight
 Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd,
 And, ΕΤΡΗΚΑ! your God, verfooth is found
 Incomprehensible and infinite:
 But is he therefore found? Vain searcher! no:
 Let your imperfect definition show
 That nothing you, the weak definer, know!

IV.

Say, why should the collected main
 Itself within itself contain?
 Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
 And with delighted silence sleep
 On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep?
 Why should its num'rous waters stay,
 In comely discipline and fair array,
 Till winds and tides exert their high command?
 Then, prompt and ready to obey,
 Why do the rising surges spread
 Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
 Marching thro' different paths to different lands?

V.

Why does the constant sun,
 With measur'd steps his radiant journeys run?
 Why does he order the diurnal hours
 To leave earth's other part and rise in ours?
 Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
 And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,

Commanding her, with delegated pow'rs,
 To beautify the world and bless the night?
 Why does each animated star
 Love the just limits of its proper sphere?
 Why does each consenting sign,
 With prudent harmony, combine
 In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
 To gird the globe and regulate the year?

VI.
 Man does with dang'rous curiosity
 These unfathom'd wonders try
 With fancy'd rules, and arbitrary laws,
 Matter and motion he restrains,
 And study'd lines and fictitious circles draws;
 Then, with imagin'd sovereignty,
 Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.

He reigns! How long? till some usurper rise!
 And he, too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
 Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
 From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
 Just as much, perhaps, as shows
 That all his predecessors' rules
 Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools;
 That he on th' others' ruin rears his throne,
 And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms

VII. [his own.
 On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
 Mountainous heaps of wonders rise,

Whose tow'ring strength will ne'er submit
 To Reason's batteries, or the mines of Wit;
 Yet still inquiring, still mistaking man,
 Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward press; I
 And, levelling at God his wand'ring guess,
 (That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
 Which guides his doubts and combats his despair)
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give;
 Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
 Whose pregnant Word did either ocean fill;
 Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move
 Thro' either ocean, foolish man! [and live
 That pregnant Word sent forth again,
 Might to a world extend each atom there;
 For every drop call forth a sea, a heav'n for every star.

VIII.
 Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide,
 And only lift thy staggering reason up
 To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top;
 Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride;
 Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd;
 How by her patient Victor Death was slain,
 And earth profan'd, yet bless'd with Deicide
 Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
 Only reserve the sacred one;
 Low, reverently low,
 Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;

Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes;
 Deject thyself that thou may'st rise;
 To look to heav'n, be blind to all below;
 The only pillar of thy soul IX.
 Then Faith, for Reason's glimm'ring light, shall give
 Her immortal perspective,
 And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
 Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
 That all the volumes of philosophy,
 With all their comments, never could invent
 So politic an instrument
 To reach the heav'n of heav'ns, the high abode,
 Where Moses places his mysterious God,
 As was that ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
 When light divine had human darkness clear'd,
 And his enlarg'd ideas found the road
 Which faith had dictated and angels trod.

AN ODE.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
 Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
 Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd breast;
 My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain,
 For I was born to love, and thou to reign.
 While still we stand as when we first

Weep out thy reason's and thy body's care;
 But would you meanly thus rely
 On pow'r you know I must obey?
 Exert a legal tyranny,
 And do an ill because you may?
 Still must I thee, as Atheists Heaven adore,
 Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy pow'r?

Take heed, my Dear, youth flies apace;
 As well as Cupid Time is blind;
 Soon must those glories of thy face
 The fate of vulgar beauty find:
 The thousand Loves that arm thy potent eye,
 Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
 A hateful wrinkle more appears;
 And putting peevish humours on,
 Seems but the sad effect of years.
 Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,
 To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
 Will show thee just above neglect;
 The heat with which thy lover glows,
 Will settle into cold respect.
 A talking, dull, Platonic I shall turn;
 Learn to be civil when I cease to burn.

That more than mine VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove

The only pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce and very pure.

VII.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice;
Fill ev'ry sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys:
Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

VIII.
Be mine, and only mine; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
To me alone; nor come so far

As liking any youth beside:
What men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe
They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.
So shall I court thy dearest truth,
When beauty ceases to engage;

So thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age:
So time itself our raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

AN ODE.

WHILE from our looks, fair Nymph, you guess
The secret passions of our mind,
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd,

III

There needs, alas! but little art
To have this fatal secret found;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may show the wound.

III.

How can I see you and not love,
While you, as op'ning East, are fair?
While cold, as northern blasts, you prove,
How can I love and not despair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair Prophetess, my grief would cease.

AN ODE TO A LADY.

She refusing to continue a dispute with me, and leaving me in the argument.

I.

SPARE, gen'rous Victor, spare the slave
Who did unequal war pursue,

That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

In the dispute, what'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue bely'd,
And in my looks you might have read

How much I argu'd on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight;
For seldom your opinions err;

Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair One, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,

I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:

To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

But she, how'er of vict'ry sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd,

And, arm'd with more immediate pow'r,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound she shuns the fight;
 She drops her arms to gain the field;
 Secures her conquest by her flight,
 And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turn'd his speed,
 And from the hostile camp withdrew,
 With cruel skill the backward reed
 He sent, and, as he fled, he flew.

AN ODE.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

On his Majesty's arrival in Holland, after the Queen's death, 1695.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut moeror
 Tam cari capitis? praecipue lugubres
 Cantus Melpomene.

At Mary's tomb (sad, sacred place!)
 The Virtues shall their vigils keep,
 And every Muse, and every Grace,
 In solemn state shall ever weep.
 The future pious, mournful fair,
 Oft as the rolling years return,
 With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,
 Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

For her the wise and great shall mourn, and yet
When late records her deeds repeat;

Ages to come, and men unborn, yet
Shall bless her name and sigh her fate.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
Her holy Queen's sad reliques guard,
Till Heav'n awake the precious dust,
And gives the saint her full reward.

But let the King dismiss his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown,
And take the cypress from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

If, press'd by grief, our Monarch droops,
In vain the British Lions roar:
If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops,
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

Embattled princes wait the chief,
Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead,
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

The great example they demand,
Who still to conquest led the way,

Wishing him present to command,

As they stand ready to obey.

IX.

They seek that joy which us'd to glow

Expanded on the hero's face,

When the thick squadrons press'd the foe,

And Willian led the glorious chase.

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,

Restore them thy auspicious light,

Great Sun! with radiant beams destroy

Those clouds which keep thee from our sight.

XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course

For Mary's setting rays atone;

Our lustre, with redoubled force,

Must now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious King! with diff'rent strife

They struggling Albion's bosom torn;

So much she fears for William's life,

That Mary's fate she dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy softer half

Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve;

But let her strength in thee be safe;

And let her weep, but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian Angel! save the land
 From thy own grief, her fiercest foe,
 Lest Britain, rescu'd by thy hand,
 Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
 Unless new trophies still be fought,
 And hoary majesty sustain
 The battles which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
 Which made her hate the war's alarms?
 That soft excess with which she strove
 To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While still she chid the coming spring,
 Which call'd him o'er his subject seas;
 While for the safety of the King,
 She wish'd the Victor's glory less.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad Britain now
 Hastens her lord to foreign wars:
 Happy if toils may break his woe,
 Or dangers may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
 Lest he the rising grief should hear;

She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Lest he should see the falling tear.

Go, mighty Prince! let France be taught
How constant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the land that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where Death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none

But that which struck the beautiful Queen,
Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her master was not near;
With fullen pride refus'd relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.

As waters from her sluices, flow'd
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes;
To earth her bended front she bow'd,
And sent her wailings to the skies.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She smiles as William ne'er had mourn'd;
She looks as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV. That freedom which all sorrows claim
She does for thy content resign;

Her piety itself would blame,
If her regrets should waken thine.

XXVI. To cure thy woe she shews thy samest pain
Lest the great mourner should forget

That all the race whence Orange came
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII. William his country's cause could fight,
And with his blood her freedom seal;

Maurice and Henry guard that right
For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII. How heroes rise, how patriots set,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell:

Excelling others these were great;
Thou, greater still, must these excel.

XXIX. The last fair instance thou must give
Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd,

And shew the world that thou canst live
Intrepid, as thy consort dy'd.

XXX. Thy virtue, whose resistless force
No dire event could ever stay,

Must carry on its destin'd course,
Though Death and Envy stop the way;

XXXI.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live;
Pierc'd by their grief forget thy own;
New toils endure, new conquest give,
And bring them ease, tho' thou hast none;

XXXII.

Vanguish again, tho' she be gone
Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair;
And reign, tho' she has left the throne
Who made thy glory worth thy care;

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her king an useless pray'r;
Fond Belgia never did implore,

While William turn'd aversè his ear;

XXXIV.

But should the weeping hero now
Relentless to their wishes prove;
Should he recall, with pleasing woe,

The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,
Her pow'r with boundless joy confess,

Her person only not ador'd;

XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his passions to abate;
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death complete.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great King! by long obeying thee;
Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

XXXVIII.

But, oh! 'twas little that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame;
In death 'twas worthy William's wife
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
From Mary's glory angels trace
The beauty of her partner's soul.

XL.

Wise Fate, which does its heav'n decree
To heroes when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy triumph: half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis giv'n
Unbounded thro' all worlds to go;

And give the fair one to the friend: R ilj

While she, great saint, rejoices heav'n,
And thou sustain'st the orb below.

ANODE.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilette lay,
When Cloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe blush'd; Euphelia frown'd;
I sung and gaz'd; I play'd and trembled;
And Venus, to the Loves around,
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

AN ODE.

TO MR. HOWARD.

DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of love

Poets and painters never are secure;

Can I, untouch'd, the fair ones' passions move,

Or thou draw beauty and not feel its pow'r?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought

The darling idol of his captive heart,

And the pleas'd nymph, with kind attention, sat

To have her charms recorded by his art;

III.

The am'rous master own'd her potent eyes,

Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;

Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprise,

And as the piece advanc'd the passion grew.

IV.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son, was near,

What diff'rent tortures does his bosom feel?

Great was the rival, and the god severe;

Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,

With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress;

Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms;

And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe sat to thee,
 Good Howard, em'lous of the Grecian art;
 But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
 And flames, that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart.

VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain,
 Had I been vested with the monarch's pow'r,
 Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain,
 Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

VIII.

Tho', to convince thee that the friend did feel
 A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
 I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal,
 Giv'n thee the world, tho' I with-held the fair.

AN ODE.

Inscribed to the memory of

THE HON. COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,

Drowned in the River Piava, in the country of Friuli, 1702.

In imitation of Horace, lib. I. ode 28.

Te maris & terrae numeroque carentis arenae
 Menforem cohibent, Archyra, &c.

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
 (Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)

Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail;
 That anxious thou from pole to pole didst fail,
 Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
 To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
 What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
 In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years
 To wake ere morning-dawn to loud alarms,
 And march 'till close of night in heavy arms;
 To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
 And search, thro' ev'ry clime, thy country's foes?
 That thou mightst Fortune to thy side engage,
 That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage,
 And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?

In vain we think that free-will'd man has pow'r
 To hasten or protract th' appointed hour;
 Our term of life depends not on our deed;
 Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
 Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance,
 Imperious Death directs his ebon lance,
 Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's

Alike must ev'ry state, and ev'ry age,
 Sustain the universal tyrant's rage;
 For neither William's pow'r nor Mary's charms
 Could or repel or pacify his arms.
 Young Churchill fell as life began to bloom,
 And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb.
 Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
 One moment's respite for the learned head;

Judges of writings and of men have dy'd;
 Meccasias, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde;
 And in their various turns the sons must tread
 Those gloomy journeys which their fires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain
 That bodies die but souls return again,
 With all the births and deaths he had in store,
 Went out Pythagoras, and came no more,
 And modern Aristotle, whose capricious thought
 Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,
 Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath
 Which play'd so idly with the darts of Death,

(Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
 Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea;
 Some, who escape the fury of the wave,
 Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave)
 In journeys or at home, in war or peace,
 By hardships many, many fall by ease.
 Each changing season does its poison bring,
 Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring;
 Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
 All act subservient to the tyrant's power;
 And when obedient Nature knows his will,
 A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, can kill,

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
 In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads,
 And on the spacious land and liquid main
 Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain:
 Variety of deaths confirms her endless reign.

On curs'd Piava's banks the goddess stood;
 Show'd her dire warrant to the rising flood,
 When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
 With fatal speed was urging his return,
 In his dear country to disperse his care,
 And arm himself by rest for future war;
 To chide his anxious friends' officious fears,
 And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh! destin'd head; and, oh! severe decree,
 Nor native country thou, nor friend, shalt see;
 Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come,
 Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark! the imperious goddess is obey'd;
 Winds murmur, snows descend, and waters spread.
 Oh! Kinsman, Friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
 Of human voice, strong Destiny replies:
 Weep you on earth, for he shall sleep below;
 Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
 To this sad river, or the neighb'ring meads,
 If thou may'st happen on the dreary shores
 To find the object which this verse deplores,
 Cleanse the pale corpse, with a religious hand,
 From the polluting weed and common sand;
 Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave,
 (The only honour he can now receive)
 And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
 And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow;
 Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough.

So may just Heav'n secure thy future life
 From foreign dangers and domestic strife;
 And when the infernal Judge's dismal pow'r
 From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour;
 When, yielding to the sentence, breathless thou,
 And pale, shalt lie, as what thou buryest now,
 May some kind friend the piteous object see,
 And equal rites perform to that which once was thee.

AN ODE.

Humbly inscribed

TO THE QUEEN,

On the glorious success

OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMS, 1706.

Written in imitation of Spenser's style.

PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion,
 I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I
 judged them more proper for the warmth of an
 Ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore
 set Horace before me for a pattern, and particu-
 larly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth
 Book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alterum, &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expe-
 dition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his

happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously; as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser, which I have done (as well, at least, as I could) in the manner of my expression and the turn of my number, having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious, and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete: I have, however, retained some few of them to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. Behest, command; band, army; prowess, strength; I weet, I know; I ween, I think; whilom, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used Cæsar, for the Emperor; Boya, for Bavaria; Bavar, for that prince; Ister, for Danube; Iberia, for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I just now mentioned,

*Gens, quæ Cremate fortis ab Illo
Jactata Tuscis equoribus, &c.*

—where Horace praises the Romans, as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, like as well a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which he called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original if not to Geoffrey of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers, yet is not rejected by our great Camden, and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it, though possibly he does not believe it; however, it carries a poetical authority, in which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England as that Æneas went into Italy; and upon the supposition of these facts Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spenser paid Queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment. I would I knew; I would I knew; I would I knew.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

—from burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood; whereas he was not born when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas, relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof that a man, in his poetical capacity, is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other: both have a

height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that *enriosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving, therefore, our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus; and all the flowery roads on that side the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

AN ODE.

Humbly inscribed

TO THE QUEEN.

*Te non paventis funera Galliae,**Duraque tellus audit Iberiae:**Te caede gaudentes Sicambri**Compositis venerantur armis.*

Hor.

I.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
 And sent his conqu'ring bands to foreign wars,
 Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
 He saw his fame increas'ing with his years,
 Horace, great bard (so Fate ordain'd) arose,
 And bold as were his countrymen in fight,
 Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
 And set their battles in eternal light:
 High as their trumpets' tune his lyre he strung,
 And with his princes arms he moraliz'd his song.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
 Widely distributing her high commands,
 And boldly wise, and fortunately great,
 Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands,
 An equal genius was in Spenser found;
 To the high theme he match'd his noble lays;
 He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
 In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise:

Reciting wond'rous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
Which nor Augustus nor Eliza knew,
What poet shall be found to sing thy name?
What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?

O fairest model of imperial sway!
What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign?
Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
Not yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse?

Me all too mean for such a task I weep;
Yet if the sov'reign Lady deigns to smile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style.
By these examples rightly taught to sing,
And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raise,
And latest times shall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlbro's hardy deed.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,

Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,
 Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
 And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
 His bosom with the vengeful message glows,
 Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
 And tow'ring round his master's earth-born foes,
 Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
 Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.
 Sedate and calm thus victor Marlbro' fate,
 Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
 Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
 And gives her second thunder to his hand:
 Then leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,
 With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe;
 Marching o'er hills and dales, o'er rocks and seas,
 He meditates, and strikes the wondrous blow.
 Our thought flies slower than our General's fame;
 Grasps he the bolt? (we ask) when he has hurl'd the

VII.
 When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain
 Did from afar the British chief behold,
 Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
 Something within his warring bosom roll'd:
 He views that fav'rite of indulgent Fame,
 Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shore;
 Too well, alas! the man he knows the same
 Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan pow'r,

And sent them trembling thro' the frighted lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sands.

VIII. *He over the glorious*

His former losses he forgets to grieve;

Absolves his fate if, with a kinder ray,

It now would shine, and only give him leave

To balance the account of Blenheim's day.

So the fell lion in the lonely glade,

His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,

Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,

Roars terrible, and meditates new war;

In sullen fury traverses the plain,

To find the vent'rous foe, and battle him again.

IX. *The faithful hero had*

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,

Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;

Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,

Confess the force of Marlbro's stronger star.

Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth)

Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,

While bold assertor of resistless truth,

Thy sword did godlike Liberty maintain,

Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,

And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier

X. *his laurel head*

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,

And human faults with human grief confess;

'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heav'n is still the same;

From thy ill councils date thy ill success:

Impartial Justice holds her equal scales,
 Till stronger Virtue does the weight incline;
 If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
 He now defends the cause that once was thine:
 Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue,
 For Jove's great handmaid, Power, must Jove's de-

XI. Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms!
 Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassaus,
 Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
 His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
 When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
 And all of William that was mortal dy'd,
 The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword.

From his expiring master's much-lov'd side:
 Oft from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
 Where'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre run.

XII. But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
 To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear;
 The master-sword, disposer of thy power
 'Tis that which Caesar gave the British peer.

He took the gift: Nor ever will I sheath
 This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain)
 The General said, unless by glorious death
 Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
 Returns like these our mistress bids us make,
 When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII. And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain spows,
Rolls with new fury down through Russia's lands.
Like two great rocks against the raging tide
(If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare)

Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Sustain the impulse, and receive the war:
Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats,
And still the foaming wave with lessen'd pow'r re-

XIV. The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggressing France
How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them rushing through the Gallic host;
Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
They deal their terrors to the adverse nation:
Pale Death attends their arms, and ghastly Desolation.

XV. But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows,
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate,
While Britain presses her afflicted foes,
What horror damps the strong, and quells the great?

Whence look the soldiers' cheeks dismay'd and pale?
 Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread!
 The hostile troops; I ween, almost prevail;
 And the pursuers only not recede.
 Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief;
 For anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling chief.

(Sings the song of the British) **XVI.**

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
 Let Boya's trumpet grateful ló's sound;
 I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war;
 Ever to Vengeance sacred be the ground.
 Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again
 In greater glory and with fuller light;
 The ev'ning star so falls into the main,
 To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
 He rises safe, but near, too near his side,
 A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant dy'd.

(Sings the song of the British) **XVII.**

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd;
 The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field;
 The Briton fights, by fav'ring gods sustain'd;
 Freedom must live, and lawless pow'r must yield.
 Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
 That wav'ring Conquest still desires to rove!
 In Marlbró's camp the goddess knows to dwell;
 Long as the hero's life remains her love;
 Again France flies, again the Duke pursues;
 And on Ramillia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII
Great thanks, O Captain great in arms I receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice;
Thy country greater thanks can only give;
To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat;
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallie spoils,
And in those spoils we thought thy praise complete:
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

XIX
Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Those goodly deeds, which we so highly prize,
Imperfect seem, great Chief, to thee alone.
Those heights, where William's virtue might have staid,
And on the subject world look'd fastly down,
By Marlbro' pass'd, the props and steps were made
Sublimed yet to raise his Queen's renown:
Still gaining more, still fighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd while ought undone

XX
When swift-wing'd Rumber told the mighty Gaul
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled,
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall,
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,

Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
 Tell me how far has Fortune been severe?
 Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?
 Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,
 To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd

XXI.
 To the close rock the frighted raven flies,
 Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air;
 The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
 When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
 Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
 To dare our British foes to open fight;

Our conquest we by stratagem should make;
 Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
 'Tis ours by craft and by surprise to gain;
 'Tis theirs to meet in arms and battle in the plain.

XXII.
 The ancient father of this hostile brood,
 Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
 From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood;
 And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes;
 And this be Troynovante, he said, the seat
 By Heav'n ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place
 Superior here to all the bolts of Fate
 Live, mindful of the author of your race,
 Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
 Nor great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuart's offspring flow;
 Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
 Talbot, to Gallia's pow'r eternal foe,
 And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field;
 Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
 And Drake, and Ca'ndlish, terrors of the sea;
 Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
 Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny;
 Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal,
 For, oh! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak
 Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
 Eludes the axe, and sprouts against the stroke,
 Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
 And as those teeth which Cadmus sow'd in earth
 Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies,
 So with young vigor, and succeeding birth,
 Her losses more than recompens'd arise,
 And ev'ry age she with a race is crown'd
 For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate pow'r, whom nothing can repel,
 Not the fierce Saxon nor the cruel Dane,
 Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
 Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain,

Nor France on universal sway intent,
 Oft' breaking leagues, and oft' renewing wars,
 Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
 Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars;
 Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more
 Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic

XXVI. [pow'r.

To fruitful Rheims' or fair Lutetia's gate
 What tidings shall the messenger convey?
 Shall the loud herald our success relate,
 Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day?
 Alas! my praises they no more must sing;
 They to my statue now must bow no more:
 Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
 Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the Gallic pow'r—
 The Woman-chief is master of the war:
 Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Heav'n

XXVII. [by pray'r.

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
 Thy council and thy deed, victorious Queen,
 What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends;
 How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?
 Oh! deign to let the eldest of the Nine
 Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free;
 Oh! with her sister Sculpture let her join
 To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;
 To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
 To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our softer King.

XXVIII. Let Europe, say'd, the column high erect,
 Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's,
 Where sembling art may carve the fair effect,
 And full atchievement of thy great designs.
 In a calm heav'n, and a serener air,
 Sublime the Queen shall on the summit stand,
 From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
 And pointing down to earth her dread command.
 All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,
 Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage

XXIX. There fleets shall strive, by winds and waters tost,
 Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
 Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
 Shall fix his foot: And this, be this the land,
 Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
 (The empire's other hope shall say) and here
 Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or crown'd, I'll reign—
 O Virtue, to thy British Mother dear!
 Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide;
 For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX. There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
 Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
 Their force destroyed, their privileges sav'd,
 Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:

Hij

Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
 Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
 Numb'ring the wonders which that youth achiev'd,
 Whom Anna clad in arms and sent to war,
 Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne,
 And made him more than king, in calling him her son.

XXXI
 There Ister, pleas'd by Bleinheim's glorious field,
 Rolling, shall bid his eastern waves declare
 Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
 And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spears,
 Shall bid them mention Marlbro', on that shore
 Leading his illanders, renown'd in arms,
 Thro' climes where never British chief before
 Or pitch'd his camp or sounded his alarms;
 Shall bid them bless the Queen, who made his streams
 Glorious as those of Boyne, and safe as those of
 XXXII [Thames].

Brabantia, clad with fields and crown'd with towers,
 With decent joy shall her deliver meet,
 Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bless thy pow'r,
 Laying the keys beneath thy subjects' feet.
 Flandria, by plenty made the home of War,
 Shall weep her effime, and bow to Charles restor'd,
 With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
 In having drawn, and having sheath'd the sword,
 From these their sister provinces shall know
 How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives a foe,

Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed spears,
 In artful piles around the work shall lie,
 And shields indented deep in ancient wars,
 Blazon'd with signs of Gallic heraldry,
 And standards with distinguish'd honours bright,
 Marks of high pow'r and national command,
 Which Valois' sons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
 Or gave to Foix' or Montmorancy's hand:
 Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
 From Cressy's battle sav'd, to grace Ramillia's field.

XXXIV.

And as fine art the spaces may dispose,
 The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
 Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the British Rose,
 Type of sweet rule and gentle majesty;
 The northern Thistle, whom no hostile hand,
 Unhurt, too rudely may provoke, I ween;
 Hibernia's Harp, device of her command,
 And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen:
 Thy vanquish'd Lillies, France, decay'd and torn,
 Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
 Near to the ground, and on the humble base,
 To save herself from darkness and from death,
 That Muse desires the last, the lowest place;

Who, tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string,
 For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land;
 Who durst of war and martial fury sing;
 And when thy will, and when thy subjects' hand
 Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease,
 Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest and to peace.

TO MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY GUISCARD, 1711.

ab ipso

Ducit opes animamque ferro.

I.

In one great Now, superior to an age,
 The full extremes of Nature's force we find;
 How heav'nly virtue can exalt, or rage
 Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce Monk does at his trial stand,
 He chews revenge, abjuring his offence;
 Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
 He stabs his judge to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
 Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives;
 The wounds his country from his death must feel
 The patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

IV.

The barb'rous rage that durst attempt thy life,
 Harley! great counsellor, extends thy fame;
 And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
 In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
 Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound;
 She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
 And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
 Reflecting that diffus'd the public woe;
 A stranger to her altars and her land,
 No son of her's could meditate this blow.

VII.

Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
 Our Queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath
 Softens thy anguish: in her pow'rful pray'r
 She pleads thy service and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
 O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by Heav'n!
 No higher can aspiring virtue soar;
 Enough to thee of grief and fame is giv'n.

AN ODE.

In imitation of

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

Written in the year 1692.

I.

How long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
 In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose
 By which thy close, thy constant enemy
 Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes?
 Or wake, degenerate Isle, or cease to own
 What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done,
 The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they
 William (so Fate requires) again is arm'd; [wop.
 Thy father to the field is gone:
 Again Maria weeps her absent Lord,
 For thy repose content to rule alone.
 Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd?
 When William fights, dare they look tamely on,
 So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd, [sword?
 As not to melt at Beauty's tears, nor follow Valour's

II.

See the repenting Isle awakes,
 Her vicious chains the gen'rous goddess breaks;
 The fogs around her temples are dispell'd;
 Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's command,
 Her Lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand,

And, blushing to have been so long with-held,
 Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field:
 Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear
 Hazardous toil and active war;
 To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
 Patient of summer's drought and martial sweat,
 And only grieve in winter camps to find
 Its days too short for labours they design'd;
 All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;
 All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach,
 And all the rugged paths to tread,
 Where William and his virtue led:
 Silence is the soul of war;
 Delib'rate counsel must prepare
 The mighty work which valour must complete:
 Thus William rescues, thus preserves the state,
 Thus teaches us to think and dare;
 As, whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breathe
 Avenging anger, and swift death,
 In the try'd metal the close dangers glow,
 And now, too late, the dying foe
 Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow;
 So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,
 Secret and sure as brooding Fate,
 No more of his design appears
 Than what awakens Gallia's fears,
 And (thro' Guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)

Distracted Lewis can descry
Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman coasts, and banks of frighted Seine,
Lo! the impending storms begin;
Britannia safely thro' her master's sea-mine
Plows up her victorious way:
The French Salmoëus throws his bolts in vain,
Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main.
'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift victory, in 'vengeful flames,
Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names:
They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,
And the torn vessels that regain their coast,
Are but sad marks to show the rest are lost.
All this the mild, the beauteous Queen has done,
And William's safer half shakes Lewis' throne.
Maria does the sea-command,
Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arm by land.
So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon
Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone;
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
Iö, Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains,
Whilst Russel strikes the blow thy Queen ordains.
Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
And bless the counsel, and reward the hand.
Iö Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

(And thro' Gull's eye can hardly penetrate)

From Mary's conquests, and the rescu'd main,
 Let France look forth to Sambre's armed shore;
 And boast her joy for William's death no more.
 He lives, let France confess the victor lives:
 Her triumphs for his death were vain,
 And spoke her terror of his life too plain.
 The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh
 In which that one * of Lewis' many wives
 Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
 Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
 Shall o'er the plains from distant tow'rs on high
 Cast around her mournful eye,
 And with prophetic sorrow cry,
 Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his flight?
 Why does despair provoke his age to fight?
 As well the wolf may venture to engage
 The angry lion's gen'rous rage,
 The rav'nous vulture, and the bird of night,
 As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight,
 As Lewis to unequal arms defy
 Yon' hero crown'd with blooming victory,
 Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
 See! all yon' dusty fields quite cover'd o'er
 With hostile troops, and Orange at their head;
 Orange, destin'd to complete

* Madame Maintenon.

The great designs of labouring Fate;
 Orange, the name that tyrants dread;
 He comes, our ruin'd empire is no more;
 Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallic throne;
 Darius flies, young Ammon urges on.
 Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat
 Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,
 Impatient to secure a base retreat;
 Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
 For the vile privilege to breathe,
 To live with shame in dread of glorious death!
 In vain; for Fate has swifter wings than Fear,
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear;
 Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
 His back transfus'd with a dishonest wound,
 Whilst thro' the fiercest troops and thickest press
 Virtue carries on success;
 Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguish'd brave,
 And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

VII.
 Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives;
 Each by the other's mutual friendship lives;
 Aeneas suffer'd, and Achilles fought;
 The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought,
 Or Virgil's majesty, and Homer's rage,
 Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd age.

Whilst Lewis' then his rising terror drowns
 With drums' alarms and trumpets' sounds;
 Whilst hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
 From danger as from honour far,
 He bribes close Murder Against open War,
 In vain you Galla Mæst strive
 With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive;
 Your mould'ring monuments in vain you raise
 On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise;
 Your songs are sold, your numbers are profane;
 'Tis incense to an idol giv'n,
 Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man
 That had no soul from Heav'n;
 Against his will you chain your frightened kings
 On rapid Rhine's divided bed,
 And mock your hero, whilst ye sing
 The wounds for which he never bled;
 Falschood does poison on your praise diffuse,
 And Lewis' fear gives death to Bolleat's muse.

VIII.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd,
 And virtue is her own reward;
 With solid beams and native glory bright,
 She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light;
 True to herself, and fix'd to in-born laws,
 Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause,
 She from her settled orb looks calmly down
 On life or death, a prison or a crown.

When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay;
 To foreign arms and inward strife a prey;
 Whilst one good man buoy'd up her sinking state,
 And virtue labour'd against Fate;
 When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
 And all was conquer'd but the patriot's mind;
 When storms let loose, and raging seas,
 Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,
 Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
 Nor all the Siren songs of future peace,
 And dazzling prospect of a promis'd crown,
 Could lure his stubborn virtue down;
 But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood
 To that which was severely good;
 Then had no trophies justify'd his fame,
 No poet blest'd his song with Nassau's name;
 Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
 And Heav'n as plainly pointed out the King,
 As when he at the altar stood
 In all his types and robes of pow'r,
 Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
 And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful Maese, and Boyne's victorious flood,
 (For each has mix'd his waves with royal blood)
 When William's armies past, did he retire,
 Or view from far the battle's distant fire?
 Could he believe his person was too dear?
 Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?

Could prayers or sighs the dauntless hero move?
Arm'd with Heav'n's justice and his people's love,
Thro' the first waves he wing'd his venturous way;
And on the adverse shore arose,
(Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose.)
Like the great ruler of the day,
With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea,
Like him all day he toil'd, but long in night
The god has eas'd his weary'd light,
Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes,
Or William's labours found repose.
When his troops falter'd, slept not he between?
Restor'd the dubious fight again;
Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,
And led the fainting brave to Victory?
Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful course, and brought her bleeding back?
By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?
Was he not king, commander, soldier, all—
His dangers such as with becoming dread
His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read;
And were not those the only days that e'er
The pious prince refus'd to hear
His friends' advices, or his subjects' pray'r?
X.
Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
Or fills his vassals' tributary urns,

To Belgia's fav'd dominions and the sea,
 Whose righted waves rejoice in William's sway,
 Is there a town where children are not taught,
 Here Holland prosper'd, for here Orange fought?
 Thro' rapid waters, and thro' flying fire,
 Here rush'd the Prince, here made whole France retire.
 By diff'rent nations be his valour blest,
 In diff'rent languages confess
 And then let Shannon speak the rest:
 Let Shannon speak how, on her wond'ring shore,
 When conquest hov'ring on his arms did wait,
 And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er,
 The godlike man, the more than conqueror,
 With high contempt sent back the specious bait,
 And scorning glory at a price too great,
 With so much pow'r such plety did join,
 As made a perfect virtue foar,
 A pitch unknown to man before,
 And list'd Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyse.
 Nor do his subjects only share
 The prosp'rous fruits of his indulgent reign;
 His enemies approve the pious war
 Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain;
 More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes;
 They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose,
 Justice and freedom on his conquests wait,
 And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:

Succeeding times shall with long joy contend
 If he were more a victor or friend:
 So much his courage and his mercy strive,
 He wounds, to cure, and conquers to forgive.

XII.

Ye Heroes! who have fought your country's cause,
 Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
 To my advent'rous song just witness bear,
 Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear,
 That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,
 But solid story and severest truth,
 That William treasures up a greater name
 Than any country, any age can boast;
 And all that ancient stock of fame
 He did from his forefathers take;
 He has improv'd, and gives with int'rest back,
 And in his constellation does unite
 Their scatter'd rays of fainter light:
 Above or Envy's lash or Fortune's wheel,
 That settled glory shall for ever dwell
 Above the rolling orbs and common sky,
 Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

XIII.

Where roves the Muse? where, thoughtless to return,
 Is her short-liv'd vessel borne
 By potent winds, too subject to be tost,
 And in the sea of William's praises lost?

Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore
 Where our abandon'd youth she sees
 Shipwreck'd in luxury and lost in ease;
 Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
 Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:
 Tell 'em, how'er, the King can yet forgive
 Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,
 And let their wounded honour live:
 But sure and sudden be their just remarks;
 Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course;
 For tho' for certain years and destin'd times
 Merit has lain confus'd with crimes,
 Tho' Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,
 Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our pray'rs,
 His justice now demands the equal scales,
 Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails,
 Fate its great end by slow degrees attains,
 And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

O D E.

PROMESSE DE L'AMOUR.

Hier, l'Amour touché du son
 Que rendoit ma lire qu'il aime,
 Me promet pour une chanson,
 Deux baisers de sa main mesme.

Non, luy dis-je, tu sçais mes vœux.
 Tu connois quel penchant m'entraîne,
 Au lieu d'un j'en offre deux,
 Pour un seul baiser de Climent.

Il me promet ce doux retour,
 Ma lire en eut plus de tendresse ;
 Mais vous, Climene, de l'amour
 Aquiterez-vous la promesse ?

CUPID'S PROMISE

PARAPHRASED,

SOFT Cupid, wanton, am'rous boy,
 The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
 In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy,
 And utter'd thus his fond desire.

II.

Oh ! raise thy voice, one song I ask,
 Touch, then, th' harmonious string ;
 To Thyrsis easy is the task,
 Who can so sweetly play and sing.

III.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
 Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be ;

None, none, like Beauty's queen is fair;
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

IV.

I strait reply'd, Thou know'st, alone,
That brightest Cloe rules my breast,
I'll sing thee two instead of one,
If thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

V.

One kiss from Cloe's lips no more
I crave. He promis'd me success:
I play'd with all my skill and pow'r,
My glowing passion to express.

VI.

But, oh! my Cloe, beauteous maid,
Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow?
Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
And by thy grant his power show?

Oh! raise thy voice, one song I ask,
Touch, then, the harmonious string;
To Thyris easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

III.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
Thyris, thy due reward shall be;

SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

A BALLAD.

To the tune of

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave, [Greve,
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet,

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the Squire of the Pad and the Knight of the Post,
Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes no

Derry down, &c.

[more crost,

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
known,

And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out, What a deuce dost thou ail,
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale,

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear,
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier?

Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show shou'd begin,
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart,

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son? says the priest;
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess't.

O Father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken,

Derry down, &c.

Pough! prythee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies;

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis;
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the Church do the rest,

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say if they see you afraid?

It reflects upon me as I knew not my trade:

Courage, Friend, to-day is your period of sorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow,

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow, our hero reply'd, in a fright, [night.

He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-

Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd,

For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup, [up,

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat;

I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place,

Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot,
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit :
The feast I propos'd to you I cannot taste,
For this night, by our Order, is mark'd for a fast,

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die,

Derry down, &c.

A SONG.

In vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over :
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity chuse
To wish the wildest tempests loose,
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR,

PAR LES ARMES DU ROI,

PAR MONSIEUR BOILLEAU DESPREAUX.

QUELLE docte et sainte yvresse,
 Aujourd'hui me fait la loi ?
 Chastes nymphes du Permesse,
 N'est-ce pas vous que je voy ?
 Accourez, troupe sçavante !
 Des sons que ma lyre enfante ;
 Ces arbres sont réjouis :
 Marquez en bien la cadence :
 Et vous, vents, faites silence :
 Je vais parler de Louls.

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
 Comme un aigle audacieux,
 Pindare étendant ses aîles,
 Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
 Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
 Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
 Tu peux suivre mes transports ;
 Les chesnes de monts de Thrace
 N'ont rien ouï, que n'efface
 La douceur de tes accords.

AN ENGLISH BALLAD.

NAMUR, BY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

I. and II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it,
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a muse, O lofty Poet,
Or virgin of Saint Cyr, you saw?
Why all this fury? what's the matter,
That oaks must come from Thrace to dance?
Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no such wood in France?
Why must the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath should raise,
Would that have spoil'd the poet's song,
Or puff'd away the monarch's praise?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the sky,
While Virtue leads the noble way;
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where sordid int'rest shows the prey.
When once the poet's honour ceases,
From reason far his transports rose;
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

Volume I.

K

III.

Est-ce Apollon et Neptune,
Qui sur ces rocs sourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de fortune,
Bâti ces murs orgueilleux ?

De leur enceinte fameuse

La Sambre unie à la Meuse,

Deffend le fatal abord ;

Et par cent bouches horribles

L'airain sur ces monts terribles

Vomit le fer, et la mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides

Les bordant de toutes parts,

D'éclairs au loin homicides

Font pétiller leurs remparts :

Et dans son sein infidèle

Par tout la terre y recèle

Un feu prest à s'élancer,

Qui soudain perçant son goufre,

Ouvre un sepulchre de souffre

A quiconque ose avancer.

V.

Namur, devant ses murailles

Jadis la Grece eust vingt ans

Sans fruit vu les funeraïlles

De ses plus fiers combattans.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
 Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban;
 They arm'd these rocks, then show'd old Jove
 Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
 Such walls these three wise gods agreed,
 By human force could ne'er be shaken;
 But you and I in Homer read
 Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.
 Sambre and Maeſe their waves may join,
 But ne'er can William's force restrain:
 He'll paſs them both who paſs'd the Boyne;
 Remember this, and arm the Seine.

IV.

Full fifteen thouſand luſty fellows,
 With fire and ſword the fort maintain;
 Each was a Hercules you tell us,
 Yet out they march'd like common men.
 Cannons above, and mines below,
 Did death and tombs for foes contrive;
 Yet matters have been order'd ſo,
 That moſt of us are ſtill alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy,
 Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks;
 Their ſiege did ten long years employ;
 We've done our buſ'neſs in ten weeks.

Quelle effroyable puissance!

Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance,

Preste à foudroyer tes monts?

Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne?

C'est Jupiter en personne;

Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point: c'est luy-mesme.

Tout brille en luy; tout est Roy.

Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême

Commence à trembler pour toy.

En vain il voit le Batave,

Deformais docile esclave,

Rangé sous ses étendars;

En vain au Lion Belgique

Il voit l'Aigle Germanique

Uni sous les Leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,

Dont ses sens sont agités,

A son secours il appelle

Les peuples les plus vantés.

Ceux-là viennent du rivage,

Ou s'enorgueillit le Tage

What godhead does so fast advance,
 With dreadful pow'r, those hills to gain?
 'Tis little Will, the scourge of France,
 No godhead, but the first of men,
 His mortal arm exerts the pow'r
 To keep even Mons's victor under;
 And that same Jupiter no more
 Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur,
 Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
 To Bruxelles marches on secure,
 To bomb the Monks and scare the Ladies.
 After this glorious expedition,
 One battle makes the Marshal great;
 He must perform the King's commission;
 Who knows but Orange may retreat?
 Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
 Or be prevail'd with not to fight;
 And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
 That William would preserve that right.

VII.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
 See ev'ry mother's son appear;
 In such a case ne'er blame a foe
 If he betrays some little fear.
 He comes, the mighty Vill'roy comes,
 Finds a small river in his way;

De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la Norvège
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

VIII

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,

Des froids torrens de Décembre
Les champs par tout sont noyés
Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proie à Borée
Ses guerets d'épis chargés,
Et sous les urnes fangeuses
Des Hyades oragieuses
Tous ses trésors submergés.

IX

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;
Ramassez tous vos nuages ;
Rassemblez tous vos soldats.
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber sous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,

So waves his colours, beats his drums, ~~And~~ ^{And} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~front~~ ^{front} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~band~~ ^{band}
 And thinks it prudent ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~say~~ ^{say};
 The Gallie troops breathe blood ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~win~~ ^{win} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~day~~ ^{day};
 The Marshal cares not to march faster;
 Poor Vill'roy moves so slowly here,
 We fancy'd all it was his master.

VIII. ~~Il commence à~~ ^{Il commence à} ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}

Will no kind flood, no friendly valley, ~~Il~~ ^{Il} ~~commence~~ ^{commence} ~~à~~ ^à ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}
 Disguise the Marshal's plain disgrace, ~~Il~~ ^{Il} ~~commence~~ ^{commence} ~~à~~ ^à ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}
 No torrents swell the low Mehaigne, ~~Il~~ ^{Il} ~~commence~~ ^{commence} ~~à~~ ^à ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}
 The world will say he durst not pass, ~~Il~~ ^{Il} ~~commence~~ ^{commence} ~~à~~ ^à ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}
 Why will no Hyades appear, ~~Il~~ ^{Il} ~~commence~~ ^{commence} ~~à~~ ^à ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}
 Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre, ~~Il~~ ^{Il} ~~commence~~ ^{commence} ~~à~~ ^à ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}
 Just as they did that mighty year, ~~Il~~ ^{Il} ~~commence~~ ^{commence} ~~à~~ ^à ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}
 When you turn'd June into December, ~~Il~~ ^{Il} ~~commence~~ ^{commence} ~~à~~ ^à ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}
 The water-nymphs are, too, unkind, ~~Il~~ ^{Il} ~~commence~~ ^{commence} ~~à~~ ^à ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}
 To Vill'roy; are the land-nymphs so?
 And fly they all, at once combin'd
 To shame a gen'ral and a bean?

IX. ~~Il commence à~~ ^{Il commence à} ~~parler~~ ^{parler} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~général~~ ^{général} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~compagnon~~ ^{compagnon}

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame,
 May join to finish William's story;
 Nations set free may bless his name;
 And France in secret own his glory;
 But Ypres, Mastricht, and Cambray,
 Besançon, Ghent, Saint Omers, Lille,
 Courtray and Dole—Ye critics say,
 How poor to this was Pindar's style?

Gand la superbe Espagnole,
 Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
 Ypres, Mastricht, et Cambray.

We fancy'd all it was his master,
 Poor Vill'roy moves to li' here;
 X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent;

Il commence à chanceler;
 Sous les coups qui retentissent
 Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
 Mars en feu qui les domine,
 Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine;
 Et les bombes dans les airs
 Allant chercher le tonnerre,
 Semblent tombant sur la terre,
 Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

And fly they all, at once obiding
 To shame a gent'ral and a peer;
 XI.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,

De ces murs l'unique espoir;
 A couvert d'une rivière
 Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
 Considérez ces approches
 Voyez grimper sur ces roches
 Ces athlètes belliqueux;
 Et dans les eaux, dans la lame,

With ekes and alfos tack thy strain,
Great Bard! and sing the deathless prince
Who lost Namur the same campaign
He bought Dixmuyd and plunder'd Deynse.

X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out;
I'd tell it you but for the rattle
Of those confounded drums; no doubt
Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me! a hundred thousand French
With terror fill the neighb'ring field,
While William carries on the trench;
Till both the town and castle yield,
Vill'roy to Boufflers should advance,
Says Mars, thro' cannons' mouths in fire;
Id est, one Marechal of France
Tells th' other he can come no higher.

XI.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
Vill'roy, or to Versailles take post,
For having seen it, thou canst say
The steps by which Namur was lost.
The smoke and flame may vex thy sight;
Look not once back; but, as thou goest,
Quicken the squadrons in their flight,
And bid the devil take the lowest.
Think not what reason to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear;

Recule les bataillons.

Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avecque eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeste,
Qui sort de ces boulevars,

La plume qui sur sa teste
Attire tous les regards.

A cet astre redoutable
Toujours un sort favorable

S'attache dans les combats :
Et toujours avec la gloire

Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, et le suit à grands pas.

XIII.

Grands desenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous : il en est temps :

Courage ; vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.

Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont veü sur leurs foibles rives

Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
Courez donc : Qui vous retarde ?

Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'osez-vous la traverser ?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,

Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons.

He'll own the strength of thy excuse,
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to shine so like a star;
The Gen'als could not get together
Wanting that influence, great in war;
O Poet! thou hadst been discreeter,
Hanging the Monarch's hat so high,
If thou hadst dubb'd thy star a meteor
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray;
In vain France hopes the sickly light
Should shine near William's feller day.
It knows Versailles, its proper station,
Nor cares for any foreign sphere:
Where you see Boileau's constellation,
Be sure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force,
And William met them in their way;
Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse:
What has friend Boileau left to say?
When his high Muse is bent upon it,
To sing her King, that great commander;

Quoy ? leur seul aspect vous glace ?
 Où sont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
 Jadis si prompts à marcher,
 Qui devoient de la Tamise,
 Et de la Drave soumise,
 Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher ?

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
 Sur les remparts de Namur
 Son gouverneur qui se trouble
 S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
 Déjà jusques à ses portes

Je voy monter nos cohortes,
 La flamme et le fer en main ;
 Et sur les montaux de piques,
 De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
 S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
 Sur ces rochers éperdus
 Battre un signal pour se rendre :
 Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
 Dépouillez votre arrogance,
 Fiers ennemis de la France,
 Et de formais gracieux,
 Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
 Porter les humbles nouvelles
 De Namur pris à vous yeux.

Or on the shores of Hellespont,
Or in the vallies near Scamander,
Would it not spoil his noble task,
If any foolish Phrygian there is
Impertinent enough to ask,
How far Namur may be from Paris?

XV.

Two stanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire;
Leave 'em behind you, honest Friend;
And with your countrymen retire.
Your ode is spoilt; Namur is freed;
For Dixmuyd something yet is due;
So good Count Guiscard may proceed;
But, Boufflers, Sir, one word with you—

XVI.

'Tis done. In sight of these commanders
Who neither fight nor raise the siege,
The foes of France march safe thro' Flanders,
Divide to Bruxelles or to Liege.
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain;
He the same play by land has shown,
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the Marshal made a peer;
O, William! may thy arms advance,
That he may lose Dinant next year,
And so be Constable of France.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

I
At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreaths,
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

III
The flow'rs she wore along the day,
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV
Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

V
That eye dropt sense, distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beautiful cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour; pr'ythee tell,
That falling tear—what does it mean?

VII.

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely mor'liff said,
See, Friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud.

X.

Such as she is who dy'd to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

THE VICEROY.

A BALLAD.

To the tune of

LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

THE STEPMOTHER'S CRUELTY.

I.
 Or Nero*, tyrant, petty king,
 Who heretofore did reign
 In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
 And in a ditty plain.

II.
 He hated was by rich and poor,
 For reasons you shall hear;
 So ill he exercis'd his pow'r,
 That he himself did fear.

III.
 Full proud and arrogant was he,
 And covetous withal;
 The guilty he would still set free,
 But guiltless men enthrall.

IV.
 He with a haughty impious nod
 Would curse and dogmatize,

* This satire was justly levelled at Lord Coningsby, for his mal-administration when he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

Not fearing either man or God,
Gold he did idolize.

V.

A patriot * of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.

VI.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low but faithful rhymes.

VII.

The articles † recorded stand
Against this peerless peer,
Search but the archives of the land,
You'll find them written there.

VIII.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light,
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall.)

IX.

That trait'rously he did abuse
The pow'r in him repos'd,

* The earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby of high treason in the English parliament.

† Sabbati, 16 die Decembris, 5 Gulielmi & Mariae, 1693.

And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd.

XV

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take.

XVI

Free-quarters for the army, too,
He did exact and force;
On Protestants his love to show,
Than Papist us'd them worse.

XVII

On all provisions destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Tho' many men were sick.

XVIII

The sutlers, too, he did ordain
For licences should pay,
Which they refus'd with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.

XIX

By which provisions were so scant,
That hundreds there did die,
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine cou'd they fly.

He settled on his private gain,
 And Callistrud can see;
 He could not hear or see;
 They might or die or might complain,
 Without relief *pardee*.

Who was his bail; one *LVI* he found;
 That above and against all right,
 By word of mouth did he,
 In council sitting, hellish spite,
 The farmer's fate decree;

His old friend help'd him the life;
 That he, *O! Ciel*, without trial,
 Straitway should hanged be;

With France, said *LXV*, all
 Tho' then the courts were open all,
 Yet Nero judge would be.

Had any other done *LXVI*;
 No sooner said, but it was done,
 The Bourreau did his worst;

Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
 And left his judge accurst.

Which himself must *LXVII*;
 In this concise, despotic way,
 Unhappy Gaphny fell,

Which did all honest men affray,
 As truly it might well.

Of the king's horse *LXVIII*;
 Full two good hundred pounds a-year,
 This poor man's real estate,

He settled on his fav'rite dear,
And Calliford can say;

XXI. He could not hear or see

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own scribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found;

He ow'd him to the bibe.

XXII. By word of mouth did

But for this horrid murder vile,
None did him prosecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the stile;

With Satan who disputed

XXIII. Strutway should hang

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on;
Had any other done 't, I trow,
To tripos he had gone.

XXIV. The Bourne did his

That he did likeways trait'rously,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly;
O thief without compare!

XXV. I happy Gaby tell

Vast quantitles of stores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the king's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin;

XXVL

The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go;
Fierce Cerb'rus swallow'd all.

XXVII

Mean while the soldiers sigh'd and fobb'd,
For not one sous had they;
His Excellence had each man fobb'd,
For he had sunk their pay.

XXVIII

Nero, without the least disguise,
The Papists at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

XXIX

The Protestants, whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To rest themselves content.

XXX

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy;
The Romans still he well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery.

XXXI

Succinctly thus to you I've told
How this Viceroy did reign,

And other truths I shall unfold;

For truth is always plain.

XXXII.

The best of queens he hath reviv'd;

Before and since her death;

He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd

When she resign'd her breath.

XXXIII.

Forgetful of the favours kind

She had on him bestow'd,

Like Lucifer, his ranc'rous mind,

He lov'd nor her nor God.

XXXIV.

But listen, Nero, lend thy ears;

As still thou hast them on;

Hear what Britannia says, with tears,

Of Anna dead and gone.

XXXV.

" Oh! sacred be her memory,

" For ever dear her name;

" There never was, or ere can be,

" A brighter, juster dame.

XXXVI.

" Blest be my sons, and she all those

" Who on her praises dwell;

" She conquer'd Britain's fiercest foes,

" She did all queens exceed.

How this Victory did reign,

When they from him did fall XXXVII.

" All princes, kings, and potentates,

" Ambassadors did send; IX

" All nations, provinces, and states,

" Sought Anna for their friend.

A greater empire known XXXVIII.

" In Anna they did all confide,

" For Anna they could trust;

" Her royal faith they all had try'd,

" For Anna still was just.

Her joys, with tears she gave XXXIX.

" Truth, mercy, justice, did surround

" Her awful judgment-seat;

" In her the Graces all were found,

" In Anna all complete.

Her virtues high and clear XL.

" She held the sword and balance right,

" And sought her people's good;

" In clemency she did delight,

" Her reign not stain'd with blood.

Keep it for ever and XLI.

" Her gracious goodness, piety,

" In all her deeds did shine.

" And bounteous was her charity,

" All attributes divine.

Who can his words make known? XLII.

" Consummate wisdom, meekness, all

" Adorn'd the words she spoke,

" When they from her fair lips did fall,
 " And sweet her lovely look.

XLIII.

" Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
 " She caus'd dire war to cease;
 " A greater empress ne'er was known,
 " She fix'd the world in peace.

XLIV.

" This last and godlike act achiev'd,
 " To heav'n she wing'd her flight;
 " Her loss, with tears, all Europe griev'd,
 " Their strength and dear delight.

XLV.

" Leave we, in bliss, this heav'nly saint,
 " Revere, ye Just, her urn;
 " Her virtues, high and excellent,
 " Astrea gone, we mourn.

XLVI.

" Commemorate, my Sons, the day
 " Which gave great Anna birth;
 " Keep it for ever and for aye,
 " And annual be your mirth.

XLVII.

Illustrious George now fills the throne,
 Our wise benign good king,
 Who can his wond'rous deeds make known,
 Or his bright actions sing?

XLVIII.

Thee, fav'rite Nero, he has deign'd
To raise to high degree!

Well thou thy honours hast sustain'd,
Well vouch'd thy ancestry.

XLIX.

But pass—These honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white?

Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou hast shed,
Thy guilty soul affright?

L.

Oh! is there not, grim Mortal, tell,
Places of bliss and woe?

Oh! is there not a heav'n, a hell?

But whither wilt thou go?

LI.

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?

Wilt thou for ever rail?

The prophet on thee well refin'd,

And set thy wit to sale.

LII.

How thou art lost to sense and shame

Three countries witness be;

Thy conduct all just men do blame,

Lib'ra nos Dominus.

LIII.

Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,

Her sword is brandish'd high;

Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,
Nor canst thou from her fly.

LIV.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glitt'ring steel is sure;
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

LV.

To her I leave thee, gloomy Peer,
Think on thy crimes committed;
Repent, and be for once sincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

DOWN-HALL

A BALLAD.

To the tune of

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

Written in the year 1715.

I.

I SING not old Jason who travell'd thro' Greece
To kiss the fair maids and possess the rich fleece,
Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one wife and went far for another,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

III.

Nor him who thro' Asia and Europe did roam,
Ulysses by name, who ne'er car'd to go home.

But rather desir'd to see cities and men,
Than return to his farms, and converse with old Pen,
Derry down, &c.

III.

Hang Homer and Virgil; their meaning to seek,
A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
Those who love their own tongue, we have reason to
Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope, [hope,
Derry down, &c.

IV.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done
By two British heroes call'd Matthew and John,*
And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down,
Derry down, &c.

V.

Now ere they went out, you may rightly suppose
How much they discours'd both in prudence and prose
For before this great journey was throughly concerted,
Full often they met, and as often they parted,
Derry down, &c.

VI.

And thus Matthew said, Look you here, my friend
I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one, [John,

* Matthew Prior, Esq. and John Morley of Halstead in Essex, Esq. bred a butcher, (but was accounted one of the greatest land-jobbers in England) and in honour of his profession annually killed a hog, in the public market, and took a groat for it. He died 1732.

And tho' I still carry'd my Sovereign's warrants,
 I only have gone upon other folks' errands,
Derry down, &c.

VII.

And now in this journey of life I would have
 A place where to bait 'twixt the court and the grave,
 Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
 Gadzooks, I have just such a place in my eye,
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

There are gardens so stately, and arbours so thick,
 A portal of stone, and a fabric of brick;
 The matter next week shall be all in your pow'r;
 But the money, Gadzooks, must be paid in an hour,
Derry down, &c.

IX.

For things in this world must by law be made certain;
 We both must repair unto Oliver Martin,
 For he is a lawyer of worthy renown:
 I'll bring you to see, he must fix you at Down,
Derry down, &c.

X.

Quoth Matthew, I know that from Berwick to Dover,
 You've sold all our premises over and over;
 And now if your buyers and sellers agree,
 You may throw all our acres into the South-sea,
Derry down, &c.

XL.
 But a word to the purpose: to-morrow, dear friend,
 We'll see what to-night you so highly commend;
 And if with a garden and house I am blest,
 Let the devil and Coningsby * go with the rest,

Derry down, &c.

XII.
 Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, Pray, get a calash,
 That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash;
 I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure
 To take with me much of the soil that I measure,

Derry down, &c.

XIII.
 But Matthew thought better, for Matthew thought
 And hired a chariot so trim and so tight, [right,
 That extremes both of winter and summer might pass,
 For one window was canvas, the other was glass,

Derry down, &c.

XIV.
 Draw up, quoth friend Matthew; pull down, quoth
 We shall be both hotter and colder anon. [friend John,
 Thus talking and scolding they forward did speed,
 And Ralpho pac'd by under Newman the Swede,

Derry down, &c.

XV.
 Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
 At a town they call Hodsdon, the sign of the Bull,

* Lord Coningsby, with whom he had dined,

Near a nymph with an urn, that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea,

Derry down, &c.

Come here, my sweet landlady; pray, how d'ye do?
Where is Cicily so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?

And the hostler that sung about eight years ago?

Derry down, &c.

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear?
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear.

By my troth, she replies, you grow younger, I think.

And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?

Derry down, &c.

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,

If I know to which question to answer you first:

Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd;

The hostler is hang'd, and the widow is marry'd,

Derry down, &c.

And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse;

And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purse;

And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,

She has lain in the church-yard full many a year,

Derry down, &c.

XX. Now when in the morning
Well, peace to her ashes; what signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef;
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish,
For tough was her pullets and tender her fish;

Derry down, &c.

XXI. And thus with great
For that matter, Sir, be ye squire, knight, or lord;
I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford;
I should look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a sister or living or dead;

Derry down, &c.

XXII. Of the Carr's gentle
Of mutton a delicate neck and a breast,
Shall swim in the water in which they were drest;
And because you great folks are with rarities taken,
Addle-eggs shall be next course, to st up with rank bacon,

Derry down, &c.

XXIII. Why, your minds have
Then supper was serv'd, and the sheets they were laid,
And Morley most lovingly whisper'd the maid.
The maid! was she handsome? why, truly, so, so:
But what Morley whisper'd we never shall know,

Derry down, &c.

XXIV. Are the stations
Then up rose these heroes as brisk as the sun,
And their horses, like his, were prepared to run:

Now when in the morning Matt ask'd for the score,
John kindly had paid it the ev'ning before,

Derry down, &c. **XXV.**

Their breakfast so warm, to be sure they did eat,

A custom in travellers mighty discreet;

And thus with great friendship and glee they went on,

To find out the place you shall hear of anon,

Called Down, Down, hey derry down.

XXVI.

But what did they talk of from morning till noon?

Why, of spots in the sun, and the man in the moon;

Of the Czar's gentle tamper, the stocks in the City,

The wise men of Greece, and the Secret Committee,

Derry down, &c. **XXVII.**

So to Harlow they came; and hey, where are you all?

Shew us into the parlour, and mind when I call:

Why, your maids have no motion, your men have no

Well, master, I hear you have bury'd your wife, [life;

Derry down, &c. **XXVIII.**

Come this very instant, take care to provide

Tea, sugar, and toast, and a horse and a guide.

Are the Harrisons here, both the old and the young?

And where stands fair Down, the delight of my song,

Derry down, &c.

XXIX.
O'Squire, to the grief of my heart I may say,
I have bury'd two wives since you travell'd this way;
And the Harrisons both may be presently here;
And Down stands, I think, where it stood the last year,
Derry down, &c.

XXX.
Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the toast,
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine
But we clear'd our extempore banquet so fast, [host;
That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste,
Derry down, &c.

XXXI.
Now hey for Down-Hall; for the guide he was got;
The chariot was mounted; the horses did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round;
But, oh! all in vain, for no Down could be found,
Derry down, &c.

XXXII.
O thou Popish guide, thou hast led us astray.
Says he, How the devil should I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this road in my life;
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife,
Derry down, &c.

XXXIII.
Thy wife, answer'd Matthew, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod;

Perhaps she met friends, and brought pence to thy
But thou shalt go home without ever a sou, [house]

Derry down, &c. I have but a two-wheeled cart, and I have but a two-wheeled cart

XXXIV. And the Harlequin's boots are presently here

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it?

We have lost our estate here, before we have seen it:

Have patience, soft Morley, in anger, reply'd;

To find out our way, let us send off our guide, [then]

Derry down, &c. And the wind was from the north, and the wind was from the north

XXXV. But we clear'd our eyes, and our eyes were clear'd

O here I spy Down; cast your eye to the west, [that]

Where a wind-mill so stately stands, plainly confess.

On the west! reply'd Matthew, no wind-mill I find;

As well thou may'st tell me I see the west wind, [now]

Derry down, &c. The chariot was mounted; the chariot was mounted

XXXVI. The guide he did bid him to turn his back

Now pardon me, Morley, the wind-mill I spy, [but]

But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh, [blind];

Look again, says mild Morley, Gadzooks, you are

The mill stands before, and the house lies behind, O

Derry down, &c. How the devil should he know? How the devil should he know?

XXXVII. I never yet travel'd, and I never yet travel'd

O now a low ruin'd white shed I discern, [but]

Until'd and unglaz'd, I believe 'tis a barn, [down]

A barn! why you rave; 'tis a house for a squire,

A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire, [will]

Derry down, &c. He told thee of half the price, he told thee of half the price

And in your gentleman's hall I a' move ai be A
 A house should be built or with brick or with stone. I
 Why, 'tis plaister and lath, and I think that's all one :
 And such as it is, it has stood with great fame,
 Been called a Hall, and has given its name
 : Head To Down, Down, dey derry down. ai, derry, derry

XXXIX. To Hallifax I speed, i head i head i head i head
 O Morley, O Morley, if that be a Hall;
 The fame with the building will suddenly fall—
 With your friend Jemmy Gibbs about buildings agree,
 My bus'ness is land, and it matters not me,

Derry down, &c.

XL. I wish you could tell what a dence your head ails;
 I shew'd you Down-Hall; did you look for Versailles?
 Then take house and farm as John Buller will let ye,
 For better for worse, as I took my dame Betty,

Derry down, &c.

XLI. And now, Sir, a word to the wife is enough;
 You'll make very little of all your old stuff; (simple;
 And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow
 Are you young and rich like the master of Wimple?

Derry down, &c.

XLII. If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
 From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five furthings;
 With such a

* Edward late Earl of Oxford.

And in your's I shall find the true gentleman's fate,
Ere you finish your house you'll have spent your estate,
Derry down, &c.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
Here, John, is my thumb; and here, Mat, is my heart:
To Halstead I speed, and you go back to Town;
Thus ends the first part of the ballad of Dowdy, M. O.
—Derry down, down, hey derry down! — the same old!

A SONG.

If wine and music have the pow'r
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phoebus ev'ry string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl:
Let them their friendly aid employ
To make my Cloe's absence light,
And seek for pleasure to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.
But she to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
Kind goddesses, to no other pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's blessings own;
Thy darling Loves shall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

SONGS SET TO MUSIC,

BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. SET BY MR. ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy,
 Wine breeds vices and diseases,
 Wealth is but care, and love but folly,
 Only friendship truly pleases.
 My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly,
 Farewell all if friendship ceases.

II. SET BY MR. PURCELL.

WHITHER would my passion run?
 Shall I fly her or pursue her?
 Losing her I am undone,
 Yet would not gain her to undo her.
 Ye tyrants of the human breast,
 Love and Reason! cease your war,
 And order Death to give me rest,
 So each will equal triumph share.

III. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
 With such rigour in your eyes?

Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I so much prize.

II.

But I plainly see the reason
Why, in vain, I you pursu'd;
Her to gain it was out of season,
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart;
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as that we now must part.

You sigh and weep; the gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall;
Our joy and grief with like respect
They mind, and that is not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our state;
They hear, and the return we find
Is that no prayers can alter Fate.

IV.

Then clear your brow and look more gay:
Do not yourself to grief resign;

Who knows but that those powers may
The pair they now have parted join?

V.

But since they have thus cruel been,
And could such constant lovers sever,
I dare not trust, lest, now they're in,
They should divide us two for ever.

VI.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Rememb'ring, tho', upon what score;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.

VII.

Yet should our sun shine out at last,
And Fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast
To make two wand'ring lovers meet;

VIII.

How great, then, would our pleasure be
To find Heav'n kinder than believ'd,
And we, who had no hopes to see
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

IX.

But say, should Heav'n bring no relief,
Suppose our sun should never rise;
Why, then, what's due to such a grief
We 'ave paid already with our eyes.

N.B.

V. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I

LET perjur'd, fair Amynta know
 What for her sake I undergo;
 Tell her, for her how I sustain
 A ling'ring fever's wasting pain;
 Tell her the torments I endure,
 Which only, only, she can cure.

II

But, oh! she scorns to hear or see
 The wretch that lies so low as me;
 Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
 And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain;
 For ne'er 't was found (tho' often try'd)
 That Pity ever dwelt with Pride.

VI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
 And of each other had our fill,
 Tell me what pleasure you can find
 In forcing Nature 'gainst her will.

II

'Tis true you may with art and pain
 Keep in some glowings of desire,
 But still those glowings which remain
 Are only ashes of the fire.

III. Since any one may plain

Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool
Who would Love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

IV.

Let us no impositions set,
Or clogs, upon each other's heart;
But as for pleasure first we met,
So now for pleasure let us part.

V.

We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free;
Thyrsis expects you in yon grove,
And pretty Chloris stays for me.

VII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modestly pretend no more;
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me so dull
As not to know your heart.

II.

In vain you fancy to deceive;
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a sham;

Nüj

Since any one may plainly see
 You'd only save yourself with me,
 And with another damn.

VIII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

STILL, Dorinda, I adore;
 Think I mean not to deceive ye,
 For I lov'd you much before,
 And, alas! now love you more,
 Tho' I force myself to leave you.

II.
 Staying I my vows shall fail,
 Virtue yields as love grows stronger;
 Fierce desires will prevail,
 You are fair, and I am frail,
 And dare trust myself no longer.

III.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
 Lest I should have gain'd the treasure,
 Made my vows and oaths destroy,
 The pleasing hopes I did enjoy,
 Of all my future peace and pleasure.

IV.

To my vows I have been true,
 And in silence hid my anguish,
 But I cannot promise, too,
 What my love may make me do
 While with her for whom I languish.

V.

For in thee stragge magic lies, Ah! wound, then, my wound!
 And my heart is too, too tender, For thy own sake take
 Nothing's proof against those eyes, That bounders bind that
 Best resolves and strictest ties, And double glory thine
 To their force must soon surrender.

VI.

But, Dorinda, you're severe, What Harry, what Harry,
 I much doating thus to sever; To think and not to
 Since from all I hold most dear, 'Tis the mistress, the
 That you may no longer fear, Which create all the
 I divorce myself for ever. But wine of the three's the

IX. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

Is it, O Love, thy want of eyes,
 Or by the Fates decreed, MORIELA, charming without
 That hearts so seldom sympathize, And kind without
 Or for each other bleed? Can never lose the smallest

II.

If thou wouldst make two youthful hearts
 One am'rous shaft obey, Oblig'd a thousand favors
 'Twould save thee the expence of darts, If not can
 And more extend thy sway. While passion, which be

III.

Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
 Thyself, thy-growing pow'r,
 For that which would be stretch'd by joy,
 Despair will soon devour.

IV.

Ah! wound, then, my relentless fairy,
For thy own sake and mine,
That boundless bliss may be my share,
And double glory thine.

X. SET BY MR. SMITH.

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you so sad?
To think and ne'er drink will make you stark mad.
'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy,
Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three 's the most cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

XI. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without design,
Can never lose the smallest part
Of such a heart as mine.

II.

Oblig'd a thousand several ways,
It ne'er can break her chains,
While passion, which her beauties raise,
My gratitude maintains.

XII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

SINCE my words, tho' ne'er so tender,
With sincerest truth exprest,
Cannot make your heart surrender,
Nor so much as warm your breast;

II.

What will move the springs of Nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do.

III.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover
Thus, by seeming not to know;
What so plainly all discover,
What his eyes so plainly show.

IV.

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,
'Tis against your reason's laws;
Athiest-like (th' effect perceiving)
Still to disbelieve the cause.

XIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair one's heart;
Must it be by truth of nature,
Or by poor dissembling art?

II.

Tell the secret, shew the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;
I am lost if we're asunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been so still;
Enjoying sweetest liberty,
And roving at my will.

II.

But now, not master of my heart,
Cupid does so decide,
That two she tyrants shall it part,
And so poor me divide.

III.

Victoria's will I must obey,
She acts without control;
Phillis has such a taking way,
She charms my very soul.

IV.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
Into her snares I run;
Victoria shews me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not shun.

VI. BY MR. SMITH.

From one I fancy ev'ry kiss
Has something in 't divine,
And, awful, taste the balmy bliss
That joins her lips with mine.

VI.

But when with th' other I embrace,
Tho' she be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
To tumble on the green.

VII.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
But I, mean while, the fool;
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

VIII.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield;
I find the time approaches fast,
When both must quit the field.

XV. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

FAREWELL, Amynta, we must part;
The charm has lost its pow'r
Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

II.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er so ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee still.

III.

But know, my soul disdain'd thy way,
And scorns thy charms and thee,
To which each flutt'ring coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

IV.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall,
And now, alas! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

V.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its pow'r,
That I almost relent.

VI.

But pride will never let me bow;
No more thy charms can move;
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.
Which held to fast my captive heart
Until this fatal hour.

XVI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

ACCEPT, my Love, as true a heart

As ever lover gave;

'Tis free (it vows) from any art,

And proud to be your slave.

II.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,

And let the giver live,

Who with it would the world have sent,

Had it been his to give.

III.

And that Dorinda may not fear

I e'er will prove untrue,

My vows shall, ending with the year,

With it begin anew.

XVII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

NANNY blushes when I woo her,

And, with kindly chiding eyes,

Faintly says I shall undo her;

Faintly, O, forbear! she cries.

II.

But her breasts while I am pressing,

While to her's my lips I join,

Warm'd, she seems to taste the blessing,

And her kisses answer mine.

XVI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
 Innocence with Nature charms;
 One bids, gently, push me from her,
 Th' other, take me in her arms.

XVIII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

SINCE we your husband daily see
 So jealous out of season,
 Phillis, let you and I agree
 To make him so with reason.

II.

I'm vex'd to think that ev'ry night
 A fot, within thy arms,
 Tasting the most divine delight,
 Should fully all your charms;

III.

While fretting I must lie alone,
 Cursing the pow'rs divine,
 That undeservedly have thrown
 A pearl unto a swine.

IV.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
 My burning passion cool;
 Let me, at least, in thee have part
 With thy insipid fool.

V

Let him, by night, his joys pursue,
And blunder in the dark,
While I, by day, enjoying you,
Can see to hit the mark.

XIX. SET BY MR. C. R.

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
We too long have time abus'd;
I shall turn an errant rover,
If the favour's still refus'd.

II.

Faith 'tis nonsense out of measure;
Without ending thus to see
Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

III.

Let not Pride and Folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will Age or Censure spare you
E'er the more for being coy.

IV.

Never fancy time's before you;
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

V

All the swains on you attending,
 Show how much your charms deserve;
 But, miser-like, for fear of spending,
 You amidst your plenty starve.

VI

While a thousand freer lasses,
 Who their youth and charms employ,
 Tho' your beauty theirs surpasses,
 Live in far more perfect joy.

XX. SET BY MR. DE FESCH

I.

SINCE by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
 And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms,
 Against my will I must obey,
 And leave those sweet endearing charms.

II.

Yet still love on, and never fear
 But you and constancy will prove
 Enough my present flame to bear,
 And make me, tho' in absence, love.

III.

For tho' your presence Fate denies,
 I feel, alas! the killing smart,
 And can, with undiscerned eyes,
 Behold your picture in my heart.

XXI. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Touch the lyre, touch every string;

Touch it, Orpheus; I will sing

A song which shall immortal be,

Since she I sing 's a deity:

A Leonora, whose blest birth

Has no relation to this earth.

XXII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

In vain, alas! poor Strephon tries

To ease his tortur'd breast,

Since Amoret the cure denies,

And makes his pain a jest.

II.

Ah! fair one, why to me so coy,

And why to him so true?

Who with more coldness slights the joy,

Than I with love pursue.

III.

Die, then, unhappy lover, die;

For since she gives thee death,

The world has nothing that can buy

A minute more of breath.

IV.

Yet tho' I could your scorn outlive,

'Twere folly, since to me

O ñj

Not love itself a joy can give

But, Amoret, in thee.

XXIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

WELL, I will never more complain,

Or call the Fates unkind;

Alas! how fond it is, how vain!

But self-conceit'dness does reign

In every mortal mind.

H.

'Tis true they long did me deny,

Nor would permit a sight;

I rag'd, for I could not espy

Or think that any harm could lie

Disguis'd in that delight.

III.

At last, my wishes to fulfil,

They did their pow'r resign;

I saw her, but I wish I still

Had been obedient to their will,

And they not unto mine.

IV.

Yet I by this have learn'd the wit

Never to grieve or fret;

Contentedly I will submit,

And think that best which they think fit,

Without the least regret.

XXIV. SET BY MR. C. R.

I.

CLOSE beauty has and wit,
 And an air that is not common;
 Ev'ry charm in her does meet,
 Fit to make a handsome woman.

II.

But we do not only find
 Here a lovely face or feature,
 For she's merciful and kind,
 Beauty's answered by good-nature.

III.

She is always doing good,
 Of her favours never sparing,
 And, as all good Christians should,
 Keeps poor mortals from despairing.

IV.

Jove the pow'r knew of her charms,
 And that no man could endure 'em,
 So providing 'gainst all harms,
 Gave to her the pow'r to cure 'em.

V.

And 'twou'd be a cruel thing,
 When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
 Should she not her bucket bring,
 And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXIV. REFLEX M. C. R.

I.

SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
 How can I help despairing?
 Let cruel Fate us still pursue,
 There's nought more worth my caring.

II.

'Twas she alone could calm my soul
 When racking thoughts did grieve me;
 Her eyes my trouble cou'd control,
 And into joys deceive me.

III.

Farewell, ye Brooks! no more along,
 Your banks mun I be walking;
 No more you'll hear my pipe or song,
 Or pretty Moggy's talking.

IV.

But I by death an end will give
 To grief, since we mun sever;
 For who can after parting live,
 Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVI.

I.

SOME kind angel, gently flying,
 Mov'd with pity at my pain,
 Tell Corinna I am dying,
 Till with joy we meet again.

II. Great God of love

Tell Corinna, since we parted,
I have never known delight,
And shall soon be broken-hearted;
If I longer want her sight.

III.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year,
Cursing ev'ry morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

IV.

Tell her, too, not distant places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XXVII.

1. HASTE, my Nannette,

My lovely maid,

Haste to the bower

Thy swain has made.

II. For thee alone

I made the bower,

And strew'd the couch

With many a flower.

III. None but my sheep

Shall near us come :

Venus be prais'd

My sheep are dumb,

IV. Great god of love .II

Take thou my crook, Tell Corinna, since we parted
To keep the wolf I have never known delight
From Nannette's flock. And shall soon be broken-hearted

V. Guard thou the sheep .II

To her so dear; I'll longer want her sight
My own, alas! Tell her how her lover, morning
Are less my care. Thinks each lazy day a year

VI. But of the wolf .II

If thou 'rt afraid, Since Corinna is not here
Come not to us IV

To call for aid; Tell her, too, not distant place

VII. For with her swain .II

My love shall stay, Join'd with time and change of days
Tho' the wolf stroll, For shall make my constant mate
And the sheep stray. IVXX

XXVIII. NELLY.

I. Haste, my Nannette,
My lovely maid, I

WHILST others proclaim Haste to the power

This nymph or that swain, Thy swain has made

Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing; II. For thee alone

She shall grace ev'ry verse, I made the power

I'll her beauties rehearse, And strow'd the couch

Which lovers can't think an ill thing; With many a wail

III. None but my sheep II

Her eyes shine as bright Shall near us come

As stars in the night; Venus be prais'd

Her complexion 's divinely fair; My sheep are dapp'd

Her lips red as a cherry,
 Wou'd a hermit make merry,
 And black as a coal is her hair.

Her breath, like a rose,
 Its sweets does disclose,

Whenever you ravish a kiss;

Like iv'ry inchas'd;

Her teeth are well plac'd;

An exquisite beauty she is.

Her plump breasts are white,

Delighting the sight,

There Cupid discovers her charms;

Oh! spare then the rest,

And think of the best;

'Tis heav'n to die in her arms.

She's blooming as May,

Brisk, lively, and gay,

The Graces play all round about her;

She's prudent and witty,

Sings wondrously pretty,

And there is no living without her.

This piece was written upon the famous Affliction of
 by & Anne for the late of her Royal Consort, 1701.

TALES.

THE TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE*.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
 Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
 A widow Turtle pensive sat,
 And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
 The Sparrow chanc'd that way to walk,
 (A bird that loves to chirp and talk)
 Be sure he did the Turtle, greet,
 She answer'd him as she thought meet:
 Sparrows and Turtles, by the by,
 Can think as well as you or I;
 But how they did their thoughts express,
 The margin shews by T. and S.

T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
 Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
 Come, all ye winged Lovers, come,
 Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb;
 Sing, Philomel, his fun'ral verse,
 Ye pious Redbreasts, deck his hearth;
 Fair Swans, extend your dying throats,
 Columbo's death requires your notes;

* This piece was written upon the sincere affection shewn by Q. Anne for the loss of her Royal Consort, 1708.

For him, my friend, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies,
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Those cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay,
Those eyes, where Love was us'd to play;
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how soon

That beauty and those joys are flown!

Columbo is no more: ye Floods,
Bear the sad sound to distant woods;
The sound let Echo's voice restore,
And say, Columbo is no more.
Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

The Dryads all forsook the wood,
And mournful Nalads round me stood,
The tripping Fawns and Fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual flame,
To sigh for him, with me to moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

Venus disdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear;
But what avails her kindness now?
She ne'er shall hear my second vow:
The Loves, that round their mother flew,
Did in her face her sorrows view;
Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung:

They heard attentive what I said,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead:
For him I sigh, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

'Tis ours, to weep, great Venus said,
'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd;
Nor birds nor goddesses can move
The just behests of fatal Jove:
I saw thy mate with sad regret,
And curs'd the fowler's cruel net:
Ah, dear Columbo, how he fell,
Whom Turturella lov'd so well!
I saw him bleeding on the ground,
The sight tore up my ancient wound;
And whilst you wept, alas! I cry'd,
Columbo and Adonis dy'd.

Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, groan;
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
Still let my tender grief complain,
Nor day nor night that grief restrain;
I said, and Venus still reply'd,
Columbo and Adonis dy'd.

S. Poor Turturella, hard thy case,
And just thy tears, alas, alas!

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear
With piteous heart a lover's care?
Come, then, with me thy sorrows join,
And ease my woes by telling thine;

For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'st moan
Some Passerella, dead and gone.

S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in rhyme;
But neither suits the place nor time;
The fowler's hand, whose cruel care
For dear Columbo set the snare,
The snare again for thee may set;
Two birds may perish in one net:
Thou shouldst avoid this cruel field,
And sorrow should to prudence yield.
'Tis sad to die—

T. ——— It may be so;
'Tis sadder yet to live in woe.

S. When widows use their canting strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When wid'wers would this truth disprove,
They never tasted real love.

S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,
His efforts all depend on life:
When he has thrown two golden darts,
And struck the lovers' mutual hearts,
Of his black shafts let Death send one,
Alas! the pleasing game is done;
Ill is the poor survivor sped,
A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus said right, Nor tears can move,
Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove.

All must obey the gen'ral doom,
 Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
 Grim Pluto will not be withstood,
 By force or craft; Tall Robinhood,
 As well as little John, is dead,
 (You see how deeply I am read)
 With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge;
 He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
 Ajax, to shun his gen'ral pow'r,
 In vain absconded in a flow'r;
 An idle scene Tythonus acted,
 When to a grasshopper contracted;
 Death struck them in those shapes again,
 As once he did when they were men.

For reptiles perish, plants decay;
 Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay,
 And hay to dung, and dung to clay.

Thus heads extremely nice discover,
 That folks may die some ten times over;
 But oft' by too refin'd a touch,
 To prove things plain they prove too much.
 Whate'er Pythagoras may say,
 (For each, you know, will have his way)
 With great submission I pronounce,
 That people die no more than once;
 But once is sure, and death is common
 To bird and man, including woman.

From the spread eagle to the wren,
 Alas! no mortal fowl knows when,
 All that wear feathers, first or last, I
 Must one day perch on Charon's mast;
 Must lie beneath the cypress shade,
 Where Strada's nightingale was laid,
 Those fowl who seem alive to sit,
 Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
 In prose have slept three hundred years,
 Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
 And, laid in state upon their barse,
 Are truly but embalm'd in verse.
 As sure as Lesbia's Sparrow I,
 Thou sure as Prior's Dove, must die,
 And ne'er again from Lethe's streams
 Return to Adda or to Thames.

T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
 My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled;
 I therefore must for ever moan
 My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Columbo never sees your tears,
 Your cries Columbo never hears;
 A wall of brass, and one of lead,
 Divide the living from the dead:
 Repell'd by this the gather'd rain
 Of tears beats back to earth again;
 In th' other the collected sound
 Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.

'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve
 What time itself can ne'er retrieve.
 By nature soft, I know a dove
 Can never live without her love;
 Then quit this flame, and light another,
 Dame, I advise you like a brother.

T. What, I to make a second choice!
 In other nuptials to rejoice!

S. Why not, my bird?—

T. —No, Sparrow, no;

Let me indulge my pleasing woe:
 Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,
 But never wish nor love again:
 Distress'd, for ever let me moan
 My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged friends, thro' all the grove,
 Contemn thy mad excess of love:
 I tell thee, Dame, the other day
 I met a parrot and a jay,
 Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
 And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. Whate'er the jay or parrot said,
 My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
 And I for ever must deplore
 Columbo, dead and gone.—S. *Encore!*
 For shame, forsake this Bion-style;
 We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile,

Does it with sense or health agree,
 To sit thus moping on a tree;
 To throw away a widow's life,
 When you again may be a wife?
 Come on, I'll tell you my amours;
 Who knows but they may instruct your's?
 Example draws when precept fails,
 And sermons are less read than tales.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend;
 As such will hear thee: I descend;
 Hop on and talk; but, honest bird,
 Take care that no immodest word
 May venture to offend my ear.

S. Too faint-like Turtle, never fear;
 By method things are best discus'd;
 Begin we then with wife the first:
 A handsome, senseless, awkward fool
 Who would not yield, and could not rule,
 Her actions did her charms disgrace;
 And still her tongue talk'd of her face;
 Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
 So many different wills had she;
 And, like the leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
 Those wills were chang'd with every wind;
 She courted the *beau-monde* to-night,
L'assemblée her supreme delight;
 The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
 And in full health enjoy'd the spleen;

She censur'd that, she alter'd this, and thus it was
 And with great care set all amiss; quicom and it
 She now could chide, now laugh; now cry, now woe
 To those who now she lov'd, and now she lov'd no more
 Now sing, now pout, all God knows why; when you
 Short was her reign, she cough'd and dy'd. no more
 Proceed we to my second bride. who knows but this
 Well born she was, genteely bred, and gentle heart
 And buxom both at board and bed; and her name
 Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please; was she
 And, as Tom Southern wisely says, and her name
 No other fault had she in life, but she had no
 But only that she was my wife. Take care that no
 O widow Turtle! ev'ry she, who venture to offend
 (So Nature's pleasure does decree) will find too late
 Appears a goddess till enjoy'd; and her method things
 But birds, and men, and gods, are cloy'd; and we begin
 Was Hercules one woman's man? and her name
 Or Jove for ever Leda's swan? who would not yield
 Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken, and his name
 Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow bacon. and still her
 Variety alone gives joy; and me the leaves of youth
 The sweetest meats the soonest cloy; and many will
 What Sparrow, Dame, what Dove alive, is still, and
 Tho' Venus should the chariot drive, and all will
 But would accuse the harness' weight, and the court
 If always coupled to one mate, and would not
 And often with the fetter broke? and the next
 'Tis freedom but to change the yoke. and but in

* See the Wife's Excuse, a comedy.

T. Impious, to wish to wed again,
Ere death dissolv'd the former chain?

S. Sparrow your remark, and hear the rest.

She brought me sons, but, Jove be blest,
She dy'd in childbed on the nest.

Well, rest her bones, quoth I, she's gone;
But must I therefore lie alone?

What, am I to her mem'ry ty'd?
Must I not live because she dy'd?

And thus I logically said,
('Tis good to have a reas'ning head)

Is this my wife? *probatur* not;
For death dissolv'd the marriage-knot.

She was, *concedo*, during life;
But is a piece of clay a wife?

Again, if not wife, do ye see,
Why then, no kin at all to me;

And he who gen'ral tears can shed
For folks that happen to be dead,

May e'en with equal justice mourn
For those who never yet were born.

T. Those points, indeed, you quaintly prove,
But logic is no friend to love.

S. My children then were just pen-feather'd;
Some little corn for them I gather'd,

And sent them to my spouse's mother,
So left that brood to get another;

And as old Harry whilom said,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,

Cocksbones, I now again do stand;
The jolly 'st batchelor i' th' land;

T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes, are fled;
My first, my only love is dead;
With endless grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loss——

S. —— Let me go on.
As yet my fortune was but narrow;
I woo'd my cousin, Philly Sparrow,
O' th' elder house of Chirping-End,
From whence the younger branch descend.
Well seated in a field of pease,
She liv'd, extremely at her ease;
But when the honey-moon was past,
The following nights were soon o'ercastr;
She kept her own, could plead the law,
And quarrel for a barley-straw;
Both, you may judge, became less kind,
As more we knew each other's mind.
She soon grew sullen, I hard-hearted;
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To London, blessed town, I went,
She boarded at a farm in Kent;
A magpie from the country fled,
And kindly told me she was dead;
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And set my heart again to sale.
My fourth, a mere coquette, or such,
I thought her, nor avails it much

If true or false, our troubles spring
 More from the fancy than the thing.
 Two staring horns, I often said,
 But ill become a Sparrow's head;
 But then to set that balance even,
 Your cuckold Sparrow goes to heav'n.
 The thing you fear, suppose it done,
 If you inquire you make it known:
 Whilst at the root your horns are sore,
 The more you scratch they ache the more.
 But turn the tables and reflect,
 All may not be that you suspect:
 By the mind's eye the horns we mean
 Are only in ideas seen;
 'Tis from the inside o' the head
 Their branches shoot, their antlers spread;
 Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em;
 You feel 'em from the time you fear 'em.
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that echo'd word
 Offends the ear of vulgar bird;
 But those of finer taste have found
 There's nothing in 't beside the sound.
 Preferment always waits on horns,
 And household peace the gift adorns;
 This way or that let factions tend,
 The spark is still the cuckold's friend:
 This way or that let madant roam,
 Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.

Now weigh the pleasure with the pain, let me say
 The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain; let me say
 And what La Fontaine laughing says, against our
 Is serious truth in such a case: let me say
 "Who flights the evil finds it least; let me say
 "And who does nothing does the best." let me say
 I never strove to rule the roast; let me say
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast; let me say
 In visits if we chanc'd to meet, let me say
 I seem'd obliging, she discreet; let me say
 We neither much caref'd nor strove, let me say
 But good dissembling pass'd for love; let me say

T. Whate'er of light our eye may know, let me say
 'Tis only light itself can show; let me say
 Whate'er of love our heart can feel, let me say
 'Tis mutual love alone can tell; let me say

S. My pretty, am'rous, foolish bird, let me say
 A moment's patience. In one word, let me say
 The three kind Sisters broke the chain; let me say
 She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again; let me say

T. Let me with juster grief deplore let me say
 My dear Columbo, now no more; let me say
 Let me with constant tears bewail—let me say

S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale; let me say
 My fifth she prov'd a jealous wife, let me say
 Lord shield us all from such a life! let me say
 'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chat, let me say
 'Twas this to day, to-morrow that; let me say

Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
 I kept a miss; an honest rook
 Told it a filipe, who told a fess,
 Who told it those who told it her.

One day a linnet and a lark
 Had met me strolling in the dark;
 The next, a woodcock and an owl,
 Quick-sighted, grave, and sober fowl,
 Would on their corp'sal bath allege
 I kiss'd a hen behind the hedge.
 Well, Madam Turtle, to be brief,
 (Repeating but renews our grief)
 As once she watch'd me from a rail,
 Poor soul! her footing chanc'd to fail,
 And down she fell and broke her hip;
 The fever came, and then the pip:
 Death did the only cure apply;
 She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Could Love unmow'd these changes view?
 His sorrows, as his joys, are true.

S. My dearest Dove, one wise man says,
 Alluding to our present case,
 "We're here to-day, and gone to-morrow;"
 Then what avails superfl'ous sorrow?
 Another, full as wise as he,
 Adds, that "a marry'd man may see
 "Two happy hours," and which are they?
 The first and last, perhaps you'll say:

'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,
 And when she peaceably lies dead;
 "Women 'twixt sheets are best," 'tis said,
 Be they of holland, or of lead.
 Now cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
 And sliding down the vale of years,
 I hop'd to fix my future rest,
 And took a widow to my nest.
 Ah, Turtle! had she been like thee,
 Sober, yet gentle, wise, yet free;
 But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
 A witch ingrafted on a scold.
 Jove in Pandora's box confin'd,
 A hundred ills to vex mankind;
 To vex one bird in her bandore
 He hid at least a hundred more,
 And soon as time that veil withdrew,
 The plagues o'er all the parish flew;
 Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
 And native tempests arm'd her eye;
 Black clouds around her forehead hung,
 And thunder rattled on her tongue.
 We, young or old, or cock or hen,
 All liv'd in Æolus's den;
 The nearest her the more accurst,
 Ill-far'd her friends, her husband worst;
 But Jove amidst his anger spares,
 Remarks our faults, but hears our pray'rs.

In short she dy'd. Why, then she's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.

Would Heav'n this mourning year were past,
One may have better luck at last.
Matters at worst are sure to mend,
The devil's wife was but a fiend.

T. Thy tale has rais'd a Turtle's spleen;
Uxorious inmate, bird obscene,
Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,
These silent seats of faithful loves?
Be gone; with flagging wings sit down
On some old penthouse near the Town;
In brewers' stables peck thy grain,
Then wash it down with puddled rain,
And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles, on a suburb-wall.

Where thou hast been return again,
Vile bird! thou hast convers'd with men;
Notions like these from men are given,
Those vilest creatures under heaven.

To cities and to courts repair,
Flatt'ry and falsehood flourish there;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where riches triumph over joy,
Where passions do with int'rest barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where truth by point of law is parry'd,
And knaves and prudes are six times marry'd.

APPLICATION.

O Dearest daughter of two dearest friends,*
 To thee my Muse this little Tale commends.
 Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate;
 Long love his person, tho' deplore his fate;
 Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,
 For constant virtue has immortal charms;
 And when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
 And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
 Vouchsafe to say, Ere I could write or spell,
 The Bard who from my cradle wish'd me well,
 Told me I should the prating Sparrow blame,
 And bid me imitate the Turtle's flame.

THE LADLE†.

A TALE.

THE Sceptics think 'twas long ago
 Since gods came down *incognito*,
 To see who were their friends or foes,
 And how our actions fell or rose;
 That since they gave things their beginning,
 And set this whirligig a-spinning,
 Supine they in their heav'n remain,
 Exempt from passion and from pain,

* The present Duchess of Portland, daughter of Edward late Earl of Oxford, &c.

† See Gayton's *fellivious* notes on Don Quixotte, p. 26, 27, from whence this story is supposed to be taken.

And frankly leave us human elves
To cut and shuffle for ourselves;
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.

The poets now, and painters, hold
This thesis both absurd and bold,
And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a-day,
Else all these things we toil so hard in vain
Would not avail one single farthing;
For when the hero we rehearse,
To grace his actions and our verse,
'Tis not by dint of human thought
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris descends by Fate's commands,
To guide his steps thro' foreign lands,
And Amphitrite clears his way
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch,
(Tho' drawn by Paulo or Carache)
He shows not half his force and strength,
Strutting in armour and at length;
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger;
The nymphs conduct him to the field,
One holds his sword, and one his shield,
Mars standing by asserts his quarrel,
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation,
 (As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
 Men idly learned will dispute,
 Assert, object, confirm, refute;
 Each mighty angry, mighty right,
 With equal arms sustains the fight,
 Till now no umpire can agree 'em;
 So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in equilibrium
 If deities descend or no?
 Then let th' affirmative prevail,
 As requisite to form my tale;
 For by all parties 'tis confessed
 That those opinions are the best
 Which in their nature most conduce
 To present ends and private use.

Two gods came, therefore, from above,
 One Mercury, the other Jove;
 The humour was, it seems, to know,
 If all the favours they bestow
 Could from our own perverseness cease;
 And if our wish enjoy'd would please us;
 Discouraging largely on this theme,
 O'er hills and dales their godships came,
 Till well-nigh tis'd at almost night,
 They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
 That in disguise a god or goddess

Exerts no supernat'ral powers;
 But acts on maxims much like ours;
 They spy'd, at last, a country farm,
 Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
 For woods before, and hills behind,
 Secur'd it both from rain and wind;
 Large oxen in the field were lowing,
 Good grain was sow'd, good fruit was growing;
 Of last year's corn in barns great stores;
 Fat turkeys gobbling at the doors;
 And Wealth, in short, with Peace consented,
 That people here should live contented;
 But did they in effect do so?
 Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,
 To years declin'd from prime of life,
 Had struggled with the marriage noose,
 As almost every couple does;
 Sometimes My plague! sometimes My darling!
 Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;
 Jointly submitting to each other,
 That evil which admits no cure.

Our gods the outward gate unharr'd;
 Our farmer met 'em in the yard;
 Thought they were folks that lost their way,
 And ask'd them civilly to stay;
 Told 'em, for supper, or for bed;
 They might go on and be worse sped.

So said, so done; the gods consent;
 All three into the parlour went:
 They compliment, they sit, they chat,
 Fight o'er the wars, reform the state;
 A thousand knotty points they clear,
 Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame;
 Obsequious Hermes did the same.
 Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say!
 He did—but in an honest way;
 Oh! not with half that warmth and life
 With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife.

Well, then, things handsomely were serv'd;
 My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
 How strong the beer, how good the meat,
 How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
 In epic sumptuous would appear,
 Yet shall be pass'd in silence here;
 For I should grieve to have it said
 That, by a fine description led,
 I made my episode too long,
 Or tir'd my friend to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
 Jove thought it time to show his play.
 Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
 Folly and jesting laid aside,
 That ye thus hospitably live,
 And strangers with good cheer receive,

Is mighty grateful to your betters,
 And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.
 To give this thesis plainer proof,
 You have to-night beneath your roof
 A pair of gods : (may, never wonder)
 This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
 I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
 My page, my son, indeed, but spurious.
 Form then three wishes, you and Madam,
 And, sure as you already had 'em,
 The things desir'd in half an hour
 Shall all be here and in your power.

Thank ye, great Gods, the woman says.
 Oh ! may your altars ever blaze !
 A Ladle for our silver dish
 Is what I want, is what I wish.
 A Ladle ! cries the man, a Ladle !
 'Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill !
 What should be great you turn to face,
 I wish the Ladle in your place.

With equal grief and shame my Muse
 The sequel of the Tale pursues.
 The Ladle fell into the room,
 And stuck in old Corisca's bum.
 Our couple weep two wishes past,
 And kindly join to form the last ;
 To ease the woman's awkward pain,
 And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS commoner has worth and parts;
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts;
His head aches for a coronet,
And who is blest'd that is not great?

Some sense, and more estate, kind Heav'n
To this well-dotted peer has given:
What then? he must have rule and sway,
And all is wrong till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plum,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum;
The sickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will;
Amidst our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting:
That cruel something unpossess'd,
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest:
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain;
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a wish, and all a Ladle.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in sunshine weather,
 Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together,
 The neigh'ring woods and lawns to view,
 As opposites will sometimes do:
 Thro' many a blooming mead they pass,
 And at a brook arriv'd at last:
 The purling stream, the margin green,
 With flow'rs bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
 Invited each itin'rant maid
 To rest a while beneath the shade;
 Under a spreading beech they sat,
 And pass'd the time with female chat;
 Whilst each her character maintain'd,
 One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
 At length, quoth Falsehood, Sister Truth,
 For so she call'd her from her youth,
 What if, to shun yon sultry beam,
 We bathe in this delightful stream,
 The bottom smooth, the water clear,
 And there 's no prying shepherd near?—
 With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,
 And threw her snowy robes aside,
 Stript herself naked to the skin,
 And with a spring leapt headlong in.

Falsehood more leisurely undrest,
And lacing by her sawdrey vest,
Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,
And cross the meadows tript away.

From this cursed hour, the fraudulent dame
Of sacred Truth usurps the name,
And with a vile perfidious mind,
Roams far and near to cheat mankind;
False sighs, frowns, and artful tears,
And starts with vain, pretended fears;
In visits still appears most wise,
And rolls at church her saint-like eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While rising stock her conscience pricks;
When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
She secrets open'd, and all unravell'd.
But on the will, and secrets tell
Of John and Joan, Ned and Nell,
Reviling ev'ry one she knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
Her tongue so voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;
As times do serve she shily pleads,
And copious tears still shew her needs,
With promises as thick as weeds.
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil,
To day a saint, to-morrow devil.

Poor Truth the stript, as has been said,
 And naked left the lovely maid,
 Who scorn'g from her cause to wince,
 Has gone stark-naked ever since,
 And ever naked will appear,
 Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

THE MICE.

A TALE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIFT.

Two mice, dear Boy, of genteel fashion,
 And, what is more, good education,
 Frolic and gay, in infant years
 Equally shar'd their parents' cares.
 The sire of these two babes (poor creature)
 Paid his last debt to human nature;
 A wealthy widow left behind,
 Four babes, three male, one female kind.
 The sire being under ground, and bury'd,
 'Twas thought his spouse would soon have marry'd;
 Matches propos'd, and num'rous suitors,
 Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
 She modestly refus'd, and shew'd
 She'd be a mother to her brood.
 Mother, dear mother, that endearing thought
 Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.

Volume I.

R

Tell me, oh! tell me (thou art now above)
 How to describe thy true maternal love,
 Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
 Thy flatt'ring hopes, thy fervent pious prayers,
 Thy doleful days, and melancholy nights,
 Cloister'd from common joys and just delights;
 How didst thou constantly in private mourn,
 And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn!
 How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
 That your young offspring might to honour climb;
 How your first care, by num'rous griefs oppress'd,
 Under the burden sunk, and went to rest;
 How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
 Breath'd her last piety into your breast;
 How you, alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
 Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age,
 Tho' not inspir'd, oh! may I never be
 Forgetful of my pedigree or thee:
 Ungrateful howsoe'er, mayn't I forget
 To pay this small yet tributary debt,
 And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
 Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.

But why all this? Is this your fable?
 Believe me, Matt, it seems a bauble;
 If you will let me know th' intent on't,
 Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.

Well then, dear Brother—

As sure as Hudib's sword cou'd swaddle,
 Two Mice were brought up in one cradle;
 Well bred, I think, of equal port,
 One for the gown, one for the court.
 They parted, (did they so, an't please you?)
 Yes, that they did (dear Sir) to ease you;
 One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
 Th' other to vent his wares in Suffolk.
 (That Mice have travell'd in old times,
 Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
 Those two great wonders of their age,
 Superior far to all the fage.)
 Many days past, and many a night,
 Ere they could gain each other's sight;
 At last in weather cold nor sultry,
 They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
 After much buss, and great grimace,
 (Usual you know in such a case)
 Much chat arose what had been done,
 What might before next summer's sun
 Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
 The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeness;
 That ended, o'er a charming bottle
 They enter'd on this tittle-tattle.

Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
 In years, tho' (God knows) not in sense,
 All's gone, dear Brother, only we
 Remain to raise posterity;

Marry you, Brother; I'll go down,
 Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone.
 May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
 May olive-branches crown your table.
 Somewhat I'll save, and, for this end,
 To prove a brother and a friend,
 What I propose is just, I swear it,
 Or may I perish by this claret.
 The dice are thrown, chuse this or that;
 ('Tis all alike to honest Matt)
 I'll take then the contrary part,
 And propagate with all my heart:
 After some thought, some Portuguese,
 Some wine, the younger thus replies:

Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
 Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;
 Get me a boy call'd Adrian;
 Trust me I'll do for 't what I can.
 Home went, well pleas'd, the Suffolk Tony,
 Heart-free from care, as purse from money,
 Resolving full to please his taudy,
 He got a spouse, and jerk'd her body.
 At last when teeming time was come,
 Out came her burden from her womb;
 It prov'd a lusty squalling boy;
 (Doubtless the dad's and mammy's joy)
 In short, to make things square and even,
 Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.

Matt's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
 And sends you in a bill of charges;
 A cradle, Brother, and a basket,
 (Granted as soon as e'er I ask'd it)
 A coat not of the smallest scantling,
 Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling;
 These, too, were sent, (or I'm no drubber)
 Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber;
 Yet these won't do, send th' other coat;
 For faith the first 's not worth a groat,
 Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten,
 Suppos'd originally rotten.
 Pray let the next be each way longer,
 Of stuff more durable and stronger;
 Send it next week, if you are able;
 By this time, Sir, you know the fable,
 From this, and letters of the same make,
 You'll find what 'tis to have a namefake.

Cold and hard times, Sir, here, (believe it)
 I've lost my curate too, and grieve it;
 At Easter, for what I can see,
 (A time of ease and vacancy)
 If things but alter, and not undone,
 I'll kiss your hands and visit London.
 Molly sends greeting, so do I, Sir.
 Send a good coat, that 's all; good-b'w'ye, Sir.

Feb. 16, 1708-9.

Your's entirely

MATTHEW.

R ijij

YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM public noise and factious strife,
 From all the busy ills of life,
 Take me, my Celia, to thy breast,
 And lull my wearied soul to rest:
 For ever in this humble cell,
 Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
 None enter else, but Love—and he
 Shall bar the door and keep the key.

To painted roofs and shining spires,
 (Uneasy seats of high desires)
 Let the unthinking many crowd,
 That dare be covetous and proud;
 In golden bondage let them wait,
 And barter happiness for state:
 But, oh! my Celia, when thy swain
 Desires to see a court again,
 May Heav'n around this destin'd head,
 The choicest of its curses shed:
 To sum up all the rage of fate,
 In the two things I dread and hate,
 May'st thou be false, and I be great.
 Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,
 Fond Celadon his soul express,
 While with delight the lovely maid
 Receiv'd the vows she thus repaid.

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
 Blest miracle of love and truth,
 All that could e'er be counted mine,
 My love and life, long since are thine :
 A real joy I never knew,
 Till I believ'd thy passion true;
 A real grief I ne'er can find,
 Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.
 Content, and poverty, and care,
 All we abhor, and all we fear,
 Blest with thy presence I can bear.
 Thro' waters and thro' flames I'll go,
 Suff'rer and solace of thy woe :

Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
 That I thy ardour may repay,
 And make my constant passion known
 By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear
 The stamp and image of my dear,
 I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein,
 And die to let it out again.
 No; Venus shall my witness be,
 (If Venus ever lov'd like me)

That for one hour I would not quit
 My shepherd's arms and this retreat,
 To be the Persian monarch's bride,
 Part'ner of all his pow'r and pride,

Or rule in regal state above,
Mother of gods and wife of Jove.

O happy these of human race!
But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended knee,
Then drank a quart of milk and tea,
And leaving her ador'd embrace,
Hasten'd to court to beg a place;
While she, his absence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed,
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE men have these ambitious fancies,
And wanton wenches read romances,
Our sex will—What? Out with it, Lie,
And their's in equal strains reply.
The moral of the Tale I sing
(A posy for a wedding ring)
In this short verse will be confin'd;
Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

It always has been thought discreet
To know the company you meet;

And sure there may be secret danger
In talking much before a stranger.

Agreed : what then ? Then drink your ale ;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my Tale.

No matter where the scene is fixt,
The persons were but oddly mixt ;
When sober Damon thus began,
(And Damon is a clever man)
I now grow old, but still from youth
Have held for modesty and truth :
The men who by these sea-marks steer
In life's great voyage never err :
Upon this point I dare defy
The world ; I pause for a reply.

Sir, either is a good assistant,
Said one, who sat a little distant ;
Truth decks our speeches and our books,
And modesty adorns our looks :
But farther progress we must take ;
Not only born to look and speak,
The man must act. The Stagirite
Says thus, and says extremely right :
Strict justice is the sovereign guide
That o'er our actions should preside ;
This queen of virtues is confest
To regulate and bind the rest,
Thrice happy if you can but find
Her equal balance poise your mind ;

All diff'rent graces soon will enter, and each will find
Like lines concurrent to their center.

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on, : long
With yea and nay, and pro and con, : long
Thro' many points divinely dark,
And Waterland assaulting Clarke,
Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening Post,
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North, : long
And deep in politics held forth.

Methinks we're in the like condition,
As at the Treaty of Partition : long
That stroke, for all King William's care,
Begot another tedious war. : long
Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league : long
In the vile Utrecht Treaty, too,
Poor man, he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply,
But downright Dunstable was I,
And told him where they were mistaken,
And counsell'd him to save his bacon : long
But (pass his politics and prose)
I never herded with his fops ;
Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
I still found something to commend : long
Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
Whate'er severer critics said ;

Too far, I own, the girl was try'd;
 The women all were on my side,
 For Alms I return'd him thanks;
 I lik'd her, with her little pranks;
 Indeed poor Solomon, in rhyme,
 Was much too grave to be sublime.

Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
 So on he ran a new division;

Till out of breath he turn'd to spit;
 (Chance often helps us more than wit)

Th' other that lucky moment took,

Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke,

Of all the gifts the gods afford,

(If we may take old Tully's word)

The greatest is a friend, whose love

Knows how to praise and when reprove;

From such a treasure never part,

But hang the jewel on your heart;

And, pray, Sir (it delights me) tell,

You know this author mighty well—

Know him! d'ye question it? Odds fish!

Sir, does a beggar know his dirt?

I lov'd him, as I told you, I

Advis'd him—Here a flander-by

Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloak,

And thus, unwilling, silence broke:

Damon, 'tis time we should retire,

The man you talk with is Matt Prior.

A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;

Patron thro' life, and from thy birth my friend,
 Dorset! to thee this Fable let me send;
 With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth;
 The foil is known to set the diamond forth:
 Let the feign'd Tale this real moral give,
 How many Damons, how few Dorsets live.

P. PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE:

AN HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod decent
 quod cogitatione magis a virtute potest quam re separari.

BEYOND the fix'd and settled rules
 Of vice and virtue in the schools,
 Beyond the letter of the law,
 Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
 The better sort should set before 'em
 A grace, a manner, a decorum;
 Something that gives their acts a light,
 Makes 'em not only just but bright,
 And sets 'em in that open fame
 Which witty Malice cannot blame.

For 'tis in life as 'tis in painting,
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
 From lines drawn true our eye may trace
 A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;

May justly own the picture wrought
 Exact to rule, exempt from fault;
 Yet if the colouring be not there,
 The Titian stroke, the Guido air,
 To nicest judgment show the piece,
 At best 'twill only not displease;
 It would not gain on Jersey's eye;
 Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the picture of our mind
 The action may be well design'd,
 Guided by law, and bound by duty,
 Yet want this *je ne sçai quoi* of beauty
 And tho' its error may be such
 As Knags and Burgefs cannot hit,
 It yet may feel the nicer touch
 Of Wycherley or Congreve's wit.

What is this talk? replies a friend,
 And where will this dry moral end?
 The truth of what you here lay down
 By some example should be shown.—
 With all my heart—for once; read on.
 An honest, but a simple pair,
 (And twenty other I forbear)
 May serve to make this thesis clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
 Paulo Purganti was his name,
 Had a good, comely, virtuous wife,
 No woman led a better life;

She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted;
 She chuckled when a bawd was carted,
 And thought the nation ne'er would thrive
 Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd men that dar'd be bad,
 She thought no mercy should be had;
 They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flogg'd,
 Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swedd;
 In short, all lewdness she defy'd,
 And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet in an honest way the dame
 Was a great lover of that same,
 And could from Scripture take her cue,
 That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
 Between the gay and the severe,
 That if in some regards she chose
 To curb poor Paulo in too close,
 In others she relax'd again,
 And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus, tho' she strictly did confine
 The Doctor from excess of wine,
 With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
 She let him almost burst his belly;
 Thus drying coffee was deny'd,
 But chocolate that loss supply'd;
 And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
 Filthy concomitant of claret,

(Blest revolution!) one might see,
Eringo roots and Bohra tea.

She often set the Doctor's hand,
And stroak'd his head, and squeez'd his hand;
Kindly complain'd, that after noon

He went to pore on books too soon;
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the couch—

About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.

The Doctor understood the call,
But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's skin, too short, you know,
(As Plutarch's morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail,

And art supplies where strength may fail.

Unwilling, then, in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat,

He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.

Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,

Shows us that all that warrior can do,
With force inferior, is *confando*.

One day, then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear,

Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle,

Thought it extremely *à propos*,
 To ward against the coming blow :
 To ward ; but how ? Aye, there's the question,
 Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange surprise ;
 He felt her pulse, he view'd her eyes :
 That beat too fast, these rowl'd too quick ;
 She was, he said, or would be sick :
 He judg'd it absolutely good
 That she should purge and cleanse her blood.
 Spaw waters for that end were got :
 If they pass easily or not
 What matters it ? the lady's fever
 Continued violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind,
 (Blackmore and Hans are of my mind)
 If once it youthful blood infects,
 And chiefly of the female sex,
 Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion,
 Whate'er might be our Doctor's notion.

One luckless night, then, as in bed
 The Doctor and the dame were laid,
 Again this cruel fever came,
 High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
 What measures shall poor Paulo keep
 With madam in this piteous taking ?
 She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,
 And won't allow him rest, tho' waking.

Sad state of matters! when we dare
Nor ask for peace nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Comines have shown,
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own that Paulo's case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his Belli and his Paris.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic, to maintain
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyship from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moralists, and run on
Quite thro' from Seneca to Bunyan.

As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye,
Telling her rest would do her good,
If any thing in nature cou'd;
So held the Greeks, quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of the calling;
So all our modern friends maintain
(Tho' no great Greeks) in Warwick-Iane.

Reduce, my Mose, the wand'ring song;
A Tale should never be too long.
The more he talk'd the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and groan'd, and turn'd!
At last, I wish, said she, my dear—
(And whisper'd something in his ear.)

You wish! wish on, the Doctor cries;
 Lord! when will womankind be wise?
 What, in your waters are you mad?
 Why, poison is not half so bad.
 I'll do it—but I give you warning;
 You'll die before to-morrow morning.

'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise;
 The lady with a sigh replies!
 But life, you know, at best is pain,
 And death is what we should disdain:
 So do it, therefore, and adieu,
 For I will die for love of you.
 Let wanton wives by death be scar'd;
 But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote and painters drew,
 As Nature pointed out the view,
 Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
 To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
 And in our verse ere Monkish rhymes
 Had jangled their fantastick chimes;
 Ere on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight;

Protogenes, historians note,
Liv'd there, a burges, scot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.

Picqu'd by Protogenes' fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to censure or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His servants follow with the things
Appears the governante of th' house;
For such in Greece were much in use;
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.

Does 'Squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
And court'sey low, but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to stay
To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece;

So like th' original, they say;
 But I have no great skill that way.
 But, Sir, at six, ('tis now past three)
 Dromo must make my master's tea:
 At six, Sir, if you please to come,
 You'll find my master, Sir, at home.

Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
 Was found some twenty ages after.
 Authors, before they write, should read.
 'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present would you please
 To leave your names—Fair maiden, yes.
 Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
 But done. With one judicious stroke
 On the plain ground Apelles drew
 A circle regularly true.
 And will you please, Sweet-heart, said he,
 To shew your master this from me?
 By it he presently will know
 How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
 Smiling, and curt'ying, Sir, she said,
 I shall not fail to tell my master:
 And, Sir, for fear of all disaster,
 I'll keep it my own self: Safe bind,
 Says the old proverb, and safe find.
 So, Sir, as sure as key or lock—
 Your servant, Sir—at six a clock.

Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear:
If from the perfect line he found,
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he ordered me to say)
Thus write the painters of this isle;
Let those of Co remark the style.

She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light and easy shade,
'That Paris' apple stood confess,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.

Apelles view'd the finish'd piece;
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found, at least, I could design;
And from his artful round, I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my Tale;

That the distinguish'd part of men,
 With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
 Should in life's visit leave their name
 In characters which may proclaim
 That they with ardour strove to rise
 At once their arts and countries' praise;
 And in their working took great care
 That all was full, and round, and fair.

HANS CARVEL.

HANS Carvel, impotent and old,
 Married a lass of London mould.
 Handsome? Enough; extremely gay;
 Lov'd music, company, and play;
 High flights she had, and wit at will,
 And so her tongue lay seldom still;
 For in all visits who but she
 To argue or to repartee?

She made it plain that human passion
 Was order'd by predestination;
 That if weak women went astray,
 Their stars were more in fault than they;
 Whole tragedies she had by heart;
 Enter'd into Roxana's part;
 To triumph in her rival's blood,
 The action certainly was good.

How like a vine young Ammen curl'd!
 Oh that dear conqueror of the world!
 She pity'd Betterton in age,
 That ridicul'd the godlike rage.

She, first of all the Town, was told
 Where newest India things were sold;
 So in a morning, without bodice,
 Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's
 To cheapen tea, to buy a screen;
 What else could so much virtue mean?
 For to prevent the least reproach,
 Betty went with her in the coach.

But when no very great affair
 Excited her peculiar care,
 She without fail was wak'd at ten,
 Drank chocolate, then slept again;
 At twelve she rose; with much ado
 Her clothes were huddled on by two:
 Then, does my lady dine at home?
 Yes, sure;—but is the Colonel come?
 Next, how to spend the afternoon,
 And not come home again too soon,
 The 'Change, the city, or the play,
 As each was proper for the day;
 A turn in summer to Hyde-park,
 When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain;
 Strange fancies come in Hans's brain.

He thought of what he did not name,
 And would reform, but durst not blame.
 At first he, therefore, preach'd his wife
 The comforts of a pious life;
 Told her how transient beauty was;
 That all must die, and flesh was grass:
 He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces,
 And doubled down the useful places:
 But still the weight of worldly care
 Allow'd her little time for pray'r;
 And Cleopatra was read o'er,
 While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Stood unmolested on the shelf.
 An untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilette;
 No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it.
 In short, the trade was still the same;
 The Dame went out, the Colonel came.

What 's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd;
 Another batt'ry must be try'd:
 What if to spells I had recourse?
 'Tis but to hinder something worse.
 The end must justify the means;
 He only sins who ill intends:
 Since, therefore, 'tis to combat evil,
 'Tis lawful to employ the devil.

Forthwith the devil did appear,
 (For name him and he 's always near)

Not in the shape in which he plies
 At miss's elbow when she lies,
 Or stands before the nurs'ry doors,
 To take the naughty boy that roars;
 But without sawcer-eye or claw,
 Like a grave barrister at law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
 The devil says; I bring relief.
 Relief! says Hans; pray let me crave
 Your name, Sir—Satan—Sir, your slave.
 I did not look upon your feet;
 You'll pardon me—Aye, now I see't.
 And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
 Our friends there, did you leave them well?
 All well; but, pr'ythee, honest Hans,
 (Says Satan) leave your complaisance:
 The truth is this; I cannot stay
 Flaring in sunshine all the day,
 For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites
 Love more the fresco of the nights,
 And oft'ner our receipts convey
 In dreams, than any other way.
 I tell you, therefore, as a friend,
 Ere morning dawns your fears shall end:
 Go then this evening, Master Carvel,
 Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
 Let friends and wine dissolve your care,
 Whilst I the great receipt prepare—

To night I'll bring it, by my faith;
Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans; glad not a little;
Obey'd the devil to a tittle;
Invited friends some half a dozen,
The Col'nel and my Lady's cousin;
The meat was serv'd, the bowls were crown'd,
Catches were sung, and healths went round;
Barbadoes' waters for the dose;
Till Hans had fairly got his dose:
The Col'nel toasted to the best;
The Dame mov'd off to be undrest;
The chimes went twelve; the guests withdrew;
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew
Some modern anecdotes aver
He nodded in his elbow-chair;
From thence was carried off to bed;
John held his heels, and Nan his head;
My Lady was disturb'd; new sorrow!
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.

In bed then view this happy pair,
And think how Hymen triumph'd there;
Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid;
The duty of the night unpaid;
The waking Dame, with thoughts oppress'd,
That made her hate both him and rest;
By such a husband, such a wife!
'Twas Aeme's and Septimius' life!

The lady sigh'd; the lover snor'd;
 The punctual devil kept his word;
 Appear'd to honest Hans again,
 But not at all by Madam seen;
 And giving him a magic ring,
 Fit for the finger of a king,
 Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
 And wear it long for Satan's sake;
 'Twill do your business to a hair;
 For long as you this ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over Lincoln,
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

Hans took the ring with joy extream,
 (All this was only in a dream)
 And thrusting it beyond his joint,
 'Tis done, he cry'd; I 'ave gain'd my point.—
 What point, said she, you ugly beast?
 You neither give me joy nor rest.
 'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear?
 You 'ave thrust your finger G—d knows where?

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST,

*In Westminster-school, at Christmas, 1695, in the character
of Cleonidas, in Mr. Dryden's Cleomenes.*

PISH; Lord, I wish this Prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
“Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the play?”
No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown:
Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,
And if they are not wounded are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends:
Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed;
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read:

Not that from this confession we would sue
 Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
 Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
 We neither censure fear, or beg applause,
 For these are Westminister and Sparta's laws;
 Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
 To young desert and growing virtue kind,
 That critic by ten thousand marks should know
 That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
 And that your little hero does inherit
 Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

On her Majesty's birth-day, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye Planets, with distinguish'd light,
 As when ye hallow'd first this happy night;
 Again transmit your friendly beams to earth,
 As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth:
 And thou, propitious Star, whose sacred pow'r
 Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
 Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
 Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun,
 With thy fair aspect still illustrate heav'n,
 Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n;
 Thy influence for thy Anna we implore;
 Prolong one life, and Britain asks no more;

For Virtue can no ampler pow'r express,
 Than to be great in war and good in peace;
 For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,
 Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.
 Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
 Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love;
 Who does our homage for our good require,
 And orders that which we should first desire;
 Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey,
 Her goodness takes our liberty away,
 And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.

Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,
 Great as he is, her delegate in war;
 Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains,
 That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns;
 While the bright Queen does on her subjects show'r
 The gentle blessings of her softer pow'r;
 Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,
 To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;
 Bids the chaste Muse without a blush appear,
 And wit be that which Heav'n and she may hear.

Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield,
 Secure of conquest, sent him to the field;
 The hero acted what the Queen ordain'd,
 So was his fame complete, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean time amidst her native temples sat
 The goddess, studious of her Grecians' fate,

Taught 'em in laws and letters to excel,
 In acting justly, and in writing well.
 Thus whilst she did her various pow'r dispose,
 The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes;
 Virtue was taught in verse; and Athens' glory rose.

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN.

*Represented by some of the Westminster scholars, at Hick-
 ford's Dancing-room in Panton-street, near Leicester
 Fields, the 2d of February, 1720.*

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPLIN, WHO ACTED CORDELIO.

WHAT! wou'd my humble comrades have me say,
 Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the play?
 Such work by hireling actors should be done,
 Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown;
 Our gen'rous scenes for friendship we repeat,
 And if we don't delight, at least we treat.
 Ours is the damage; if we chance to blunder,
 We may be ask'd whose patent we act under?
 How shall we gain you, Alamo'de de France?
 We hir'd this room, but none of us can dance;
 In cutting capers we shall never please;
 Our learning does not lie below our knees.

Shall we procure you symphony and sound?
 Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound;
 There we should fail, too, as to point of voice;
 Mistake us not; we're no Italian boys:

True Britons born, from Westminster we come,
 And only speak the style of ancient Rome;
 We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause,
 And stand or fall by Friends and Bulbey's laws.
 For the distress'd your pity we implore;
 If once refus'd we'll trouble you no more,
 But leave our Orphan squalling at your door.

PROLOGUE TO PHÆDRA*.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
 For one who never troubled you before;
 An Oxford-man, extremely read in Greek,
 Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak,
 And comes to Town to let us Moderns know
 How women lov'd two thousand years ago.
 If that be all; said I, e'en burn your play;
 I'gad! we know all that as well as they.
 Show us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
 Firm in his seat, and running his career,
 Our souls would kindle with as gen'rous flames
 As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames;
 Ev'ry Ismena would resign her breast,
 And ev'ry dear Hippolytus be blest.

* Phædra and Hippolytus, a tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

But as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs;
And if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play,
Something at least in justice should be said;
But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—

Well! Phædra liv'd as chastly as she could,
For she was Father Jove's own flesh and blood.

Her awkward love, indeed, was oddly fated;
She and her Poly were too near related;

And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd;

But when he came, what needed he to know
But that all matters stood in *statu quo*?

There was no harm, you see; or grant there were,
She might want conduct, but he wanted care.

'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—

He should have sent, a night or two before,
That he would come exact at such an hour;

Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his rest,

The piquet-friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone, impatient for her dear.

But if these gay reflections come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;

If your more serious judgment must condemn
 The dire effects of her unhappy flame;
 Yet, ye chaste Matrons, and ye tender Fair,
 Let love and innocence engage your care;
 My spotless flames to your protection take,
 And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.

EPILOGUE TO LUCIUS*.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HORTON.

THE female Author who recites to-day,
 Trusts to her sex the merit of her play
 Like Father-Bays, securely she sits down:
 Pit, box, and gallery, Gad! all's our own.
 In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
 By their applause the critics shew'd their wit,
 They tun'd their voices to her lyric string,
 Tho' they could all do something more than sing.
 But one exception to this fact we find,
 That booby-Phæon only was unkind,
 An ill-bred boatman, rough as waves and wind,
 From Sappho down thro' all succeeding ages,
 And now on French or on Italian stages,
 Rough satires, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
 Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.

* Lucius, the first Christian king of Britain, a tragedy,
 written by Mrs. Manley.

Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
 Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.
 The bluff ring bully in our neighb'ring streets
 Scorns to attack the female that he meets;
 Fearless, the petticoat contemns his frowns,
 The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.
 The many-colour'd gentry there above,
 By turns are rul'd by Tumult and by Love,
 And while their sweethearts their attention fix,
 Suspend the din of their damn'd clatt'ring sticks.

Now, Sirs,—

To you our Author makes her soft request,
 Who speak the kindest, and who write the best;
 Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,
 From tender friendship and endearing love.
 If Petrarch's muse did Laura's wit rehearse,
 And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse,
 She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears;
 I plead her sex's claim; what matters her's?
 By our full pow'r of beauty we think fit
 To damn this Salique law impos'd on wit;
 We'll try the empire you so long have boasted,
 And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted:
 Approve what one of us presents to-night,
 Or ev'ry mortal woman here shall write:
 Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
 We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme;
 Female remarks shall take up all your time.

Your time, poor souls ! we'll take your very money ;
 Female third days shall come so thick upon ye,
 As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
 We'll look, or write, or talk, you all to death,
 Unless you yield for better and for worse ;
 Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course,
 And the grey mare will prove the better horse.



CONTENTS.

	Page
THE life of the Author,	5
Verſes to ditto when under confinement	15
His laſt will and teſtament	17
Monumental inſcription, Latin, by Dr. Freind,	23
The ſame in Engliſh,	25
Dedication to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex,	29
Preface,	44
Poſtſcript,	45
Adverſement,	48
ODES.	
An ode on Exod. iii. 14. 1688,	49
An ode,	53
An ode,	56
An ode to a Lady, ſhe reſuſing to continue a diſ- pute with me, and leaving me in the argument, lb.	
An ode preſented to the King, on his Maſteſty's ar- rival in Holland after the Queen's death, 1695,	58
An ode,	66
An ode to Mr. Howard,	67
An ode, inſcribed to the memory of the Hon. Colonel George Villiers, in imitation of Horace,	
lib. i. ode 28.	68

Your time, poor souls ! we'll take your very money ;
 Female third days shall come so thick upon ye,
 As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
 We'll look, or write, or talk, you all to death,
 Unless you yield for better and for worse ;
 Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course,
 And the grey mare will prove the better horse.



By turns are told by Iunio and by Love,
 And while their respective attention fix,
 Suspended the die of fate and chance their
 Now, this—
 To you our Author is most ready,
 With speak the kind who write the best ;
 Your sympathetic hopes to move,
 From tender friendship and endearing love,
 If Petrarch's name did Laura's wit restrain,
 And Cowley matter'd dear Quind's verse,
 She hopes from you—For take her hopes and tears ;
 I plead her sex's claim ; what matter hers ?
 By our full power of beauty we think fit
 To damn this calypso jaw impos'd on wit ;
 We'll try the empire you so long have possess'd,
 And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toss'd ;
 Approve what one of us presents to-night,
 Or ev'ry mortal woman here shall write ;
 Rude, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
 We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme ;
 Female remarks shall take up all your time.

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE life of the Author,	5
V erses to ditto when under confinement	15
H is last will and testament	17
M onumental inscription, Latin, by Dr. Freind,	23
T he same in English,	25
D edication to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,	29
P reface,	44
P ostscript,	45
A dvertisement,	48
ODES.	
A n ode on Exod. iii. 14. 1688,	49
A n ode,	53
A n ode,	56
A n ode to a Lady, she refusing to continue a dispute with me, and leaving me in the argument, ib.	
A n ode presented to the King, on his Majesty's arrival in Holland after the Queen's death, 1695,	58
A n ode,	66
A n ode to Mr. Howard,	67
A n ode, inscribed to the memory of the Hon. Colonel George Villiers, in imitation of Horace, lib. i. ode 28.	68

	Page
Preface to an ode, humbly inscribed to the Queen, on the glorious success of her Majesty's arms, 1706,	72
An ode to the Queen,	76
To Mr. Harley, wounded by Guiscard, 1711,	90
An ode, in imitation of Horace, Book III. ode 2. 1692.	92
Ode promesse de l'amour,	102
Cupid's promise paraphrased,	103

SONGS AND BALLADS.

The Thief and Cordelier,	105
A song,	107
Sur la prise de Namur, par les armes du Roi, l'annee 1692,	108
An English ballad, on the taking of Namur, by the King of Great Britain, 1695,	109
The Garland,	122
The Viceroy, a ballad,	124
Down-Hall, a ballad, written 1715,	134
A song,	144
Twenty-eight songs, set to music by the most eminent hands,	145

TALES.

The Turtle and Sparrow, an elegiac tale,	168
The Ladle,	184

CONTENTS.

231

	Page
Truth and Falsehood,	191
The Mice. To Mr. Adrian Drift,	193
To a young gentleman in love,	198
The Conversation,	200
P. Purganti and his Wife, an honest, but a simple pair,	204
Protogenes and Apelles,	210
Hans Carvel,	214

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Prologue spoken by Lord Buckhurst, in Westminster school, in the character of Cleonides,	220
Prologue spoken at Court before the Queen, on her birth-day, 1704,	221
Prologue to the Orphan, represented by some Westminster scholars, Feb. 2. 1720. Spoken by Lord Duplin,	223
Epilogue to Phædra. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield,	224
Epilogue to Lucius. Spoken by Mrs. Horton.	226

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
April 9th, 1777.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.



